The Music of the Yorkshire Dales

by

J. Lucliffe Smith

R 942.81

With love & Best wishes

for a Happy Xmas.

From Bis & Babie.

Xmas 1939

DURHAM
TEES
ESK
Egton
Whitby
Loftus
Robin Hood's Bay
Scarborough
Castleton
Glaisdale
Slaights
Eskdale
Fylingdale
Hawes
Askrigg
Aysgarth
Redmire
Wensley
Leyburn
Catterick
Richmond
Reeth
Gunnerside
Muker
Thwaite
Reid
Hardraw Scaur
Thornton Rust
Castle Bolton
West Witton
Middleham
Thornton Steward
Outershaw
Raigg
Hubberholme
Buckden
Kettlewell
Bedale
Thornton Watlass
Masham
Swale
Ure
Ripon
Thirsk
Sutton
Helmsley
Farndale
Rosedale
Hutton-le-Hole
Lastingham
Kirby Moorside
Pickering
Hovingham
Gilling
Malton
Flamboro' Hd
Middlesmoor
Lofthouse
Ramsgill
Pateley Bridge
Summerbridge
Darley
Birstwith
Knaresborough
Nidd
Wharfe
Burnsall
Barden
Barden Br.
Addingham
Otley
Wetherby
Tadcaster
York
Derwent
Esk
Higher Bentham
Ingleton
Gargrave
Skipton
Grassington
Clapham
Settle
Giggleswick
Ribble
Kildwick
Ilkley
Hunglet
Leeds
Keighley
Oakworth
Shipley
Bradford
Farsley
Pudsey
Dewsbury
Aire
Calder
Todmorden
Halifax
Horbury
Wakefield
Castleford
Huddersfield
Sheffield
Weltondale
East York
Wetton
Hull
Holderness
Humber
The YORKSHIRE DALES

The Music of The Yorkshire Dales

By
J. SUTCLIFFE SMITH,
Mus. Doc.

"There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now!"

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

69575

RICHAR S.

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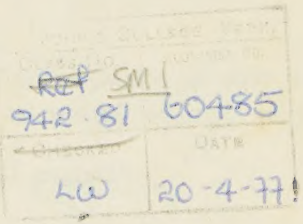

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This Book is Inscribed
(by permission)
to
Sir William Ingilby, Bart.,
and
The Honourable Lady Ingilby,
of
Ripley Castle, Nidderdale,
Yorkshire.

Both active Workers in the Cause of Music.

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PREFACE

These Letters scarcely require an Introduction : they tell their own story ; and, apart from a few eliminations and additions, they appear as when first written.

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The Music
of
The Yorkshire Dales

LETTER I.

HARROGATE, 1929.

DEAR DONALD,

When we met at the Leeds Musical Festival of last year you may recollect that our talk turned on my then recently-published book—"A Musical Pilgrimage in Yorkshire." Please forgive this touch of egotism, but you will find that you are really the cause of it; for you suggested that I ought to carry my investigations further: that I ought to go, not only into the highways, but also the byways of Yorkshire, and try to discover the foundations of the county's great musical position in this England of ours; in other words, that I should scour its moors and dales and prove, if possible, that Yorkshire music is really Yorkshire; and has not been so dependent on imported talent as some are inclined to suppose.

And now let me say your suggestion has taken full possession of me—first it simmered, next it became hot, and now it has reached boiling point. In short, I am determined to make those excursions, and find out what our more isolated dwellers are doing, or have done, towards Yorkshire's grand sum total of music. Soon, I shall be travelling

north, south, east, and west ; I shall find myself boarding trains and motor-buses to come within hailing distance of places I intend to visit ; and I can picture myself, too, tramping over lonely tracts of our county—someone once called it, " t'biggest, t'bonniest, and t'best "—with the object of digging deeper into the soil which—you, my Scottish friend, have told me, and I think, with some truth—has been in places merely stirred at the surface.

To you Scotch folk we English are often fain to raise our hats in one matter—and that is thoroughness. We have only to recall such names as Ferguson, Stair, Chalmers ; Scott, Carlyle, R. L. Stevenson ; and even poor Burns, with all his faults, in proof of this.

I fear to draw a smile, perhaps a reproof, from you, when I confess that music is not the sole magnet for these excursions. When I say that scenery and a touch of adventure also enter in these calculations, you will doubtless say, " O, I remember those hare-brained days when we shivered in a hut near the Solway in order to get a particular view " ; or you will recall that sousing near Loch Earn Head brought about by our dallying over-long—chiefly my fault, I confess—among the bonnie braes of Aberfeldy.

In making arrangements to carry out my quest, I could almost wish to possess your intimate knowledge of first editions ; of prints and coins ; of cairns and barrows. Then something cries, " Hold ! What of the main theme ? " Again, I should delight to have your company. But that would be wrong ; for in that case I should not be quite a free agent, and I am well aware that the intensity of my self-imposed task narrows my range and that while I was desiring to see some man, organ, or fiddle, your heart might be twenty

miles away where exists some ancient castle or earthwork ; or worse still, where a sale of fine pictures or a noted library was going forward.

So I must go alone on my purely one-man job ! But I would like to make a suggestion ; namely, that I shall forward to you the results of my explorations. It would be a great help to have your advice and sympathy ; besides, you will be tremendously interested, I believe. It will, in a manner, be like having your company, to write from day to day what I have managed to gather. Some details may prove dry reading, but I'm convinced that certain accounts will claim your attention and even warm your heart. If I prove prolix, please blame yourself for having brought trouble on your own head. Then, of course, there will be your letters in which your clear sight will be in evidence, and, if I mistake not, a bit of your old sympathetic self. You shall have full directions as to my whereabouts and the post offices where your letters are to be forwarded.

Now tell me what you will do. Somehow I don't think you will refuse. Think of my loneliness at times, and how, when in such remote places as, say a hamlet half a dozen miles from any town, I may be solaced by knowing that your kindly criticism or thoughtful message is awaiting me.

Swaledale

LETTER II.

What a relief and joy ; you will be my audience ! In Proverbs we read, "As iron sharpeneth iron so doth a man sharpen the countenance of his friend." Your answer to my letter is not only quick and responsive : it immediately evinces interest. You ask for my plan of action. Here it is, in a few words : to traverse the dales of the Swale, Ure, Nidd, Wharfe, Aire—all on the right bank of the Ouse ; to visit those sweet regions which form the sources of the Derwent on the left bank of this same principal river of Yorkshire ; to wander the moorlands and visit the places in the neighbourhood of the Esk ; and to peep into a retired dale in East Yorkshire. The result should go far to help the consideration of the main proposition—is Yorkshire's music a product of its own genius ?

First then as to Swaledale !

On a bright morning about four days ago, I, with some three or four people, travelled northward from Harrogate in a motor-bus. We covered the ground rapidly, made our first stop at Ripon and about nine o'clock we arrived at Catterick. I remember how we speeded along Leeming Lane looking straight ahead with nothing to obstruct what seemed to me the wild course of our vehicle. At Catterick there was a short wait ; during which time I took the opportunity to climb a huge mound and take a view of the surrounding district. In reply to a question as to how this elevation came to be here, some school-children informed me that it had been made by the Ancient Britons. They could tell me no more, for at that moment the bell of the school gave out a startling summons. There was a rush of feet downhill, and in a few seconds I was standing alone on the summit. Then I thought of you and how, had you been

with me, Catterick would have claimed our attention for at least a day. However, long before noon I had changed buses at Scotch Corner and soon after was walking the well-worn streets of Richmond. Here I was, as your knowledge of Yorkshire will tell you, in Swaledale.

Richmond, Beautiful Richmond ; Richmond the key to Higher Swaledale, has always had a great attraction for me ; but on this I must not now linger. Yet I am quite within my rights to say that a poem born here—" The Lass of Richmond Hill "—was destined to be wedded to one of our most graceful of English melodies. Indeed, I think the tune—not by a Yorkshireman —has lengthened the life of the attractive verses. Here, you will note, that I begin my task in no over-partial spirit to the claims of Yorkshire ; and at this I can see your judicial brow nod a nod of approval.

At this point I stop a moment to ask, Donald, whether you ever undertook a similar enquiry as that on which I now engaged—I mean picking up knowledge at first hand ? If you did you will understand what it means to make your own way. Perhaps you have to take the soundings of the place at a moment's notice. You may venture to ask the baker, the butcher, and the grocer if they can tell you aught pertaining to your search. You may ask for the public library and find none. You may apply to the higher powers—the vicar and the magistrate—and be disappointed ; and as you beat a retreat, feel yourself somewhat worsted—perhaps pitied. Then you may console yourself that this, in some degree, has been the fate of discoverers or would-be-such, from time immemorial ; and it is at these moments that your invention is prompted to investigate the region of further possibilities.

My clue to the solution, after some such experiences as those just hinted at, came in this way. In an earlier visit to Richmond I had met a man who, I now bethought me, possessed a great interest in music ; and what was almost equally intriguing, a sense of humour. I determined to find him, although his name had quite slipped my memory ; and there was one important clue—the place of business where I had met him on my previous visit. Well, after a good hour's search, being directed here and there, being sent to the house of the wrong man—a retired law-officer—I found my old acquaintance placidly reading a newspaper at his barber's. We recognised each other immediately, repaired to a café, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we were well away with my subject. In half an hour my friend had told me much ; but nothing new of Richmond and its music ; but in another direction his aid was invaluable, for he had advised me what places to visit in the neighbourhood, who to see, and in some instances the best roads to travel.

My first real enquiry began at Gilling, a very ancient village in the centre of a country where hunting is much followed. If there had been any doubt in my mind as to this fact, it would have been dispelled speedily by a funeral taking place on this particular day—that of Mr. Herbert Straker, M.F.H. Of his popularity and that of hunting there could be no doubt for surely the whole countryside had turned out for this occasion ; the roadway was lined with hundreds of motor-cars and men in hunting dress gave distinction to the scene.

But what I learned of Gilling's music of the present time proved disappointing. To my questions as to whether any organised form of musical activity now exists here, the replies were

almost wholly in the negative, and the total in favour of the cultivation of the art might be summed up in this remark made to me by one of the residents : " To-day the choral society has a struggle to hold its own as there is a great shortage of men singers. Stringed, wind, or brass instruments receive little or no attention ; although formerly they were much more cultivated, especially when they were used at the church service."

After hearing this sad summary, I ventured to suggest that Gilling could scarcely be considered a musical place. " O, but it is," came the ready response ; " people here are very quick to learn ; they love music ; but lately there has not been the pulling together that helped so at one time." Then I remembered what had been said to me at Richmond—" Gilling has always been musical." And I thought of the value of a good name.

While in the neighbourhood of Gilling, I was reminded that Archbishop Hutton was born here.

To return to Richmond and change buses, did not occupy much time, and soon I found myself being hurried through a beautiful and wild country towards the higher part of Swaledale. At Reeth I was attracted by the hanging woods and the luxuriant verdure ; but my attention was most drawn to a mountain in the far distance—Great Shunnor Fell—for near it is Swaddle Head (Swale Head), which was to be my destination that night ; and in connection with this place I had some important inquiries to make.

Here let me explain that among my reasons for visiting the head of Swaledale—near which stands the little village of Keld—was to meet a 'character' bearing the curious name of " Neddy Dick." Of him I had heard and read somewhat as you may gather by reference to the book

I published last year : how this remarkable person had made a musical scale with stones taken from the bed of the Swale, and how he could play tunes, pleasant to the ear, by striking them with a wooden mallet ; that by means of a harmonium to which he had, with much ingenuity suspended a number of bells, carefully scaled, he was in the habit of producing remarkable, and often surprising effects ; and that it was only to sympathetic listeners he cared to reveal his powers. As I have said, a strong reason for my visit to Keld, was to to meet this ardent and untutored genius of the dale.

When within a mile or so of this village, I enquired of a passenger in the bus as to whether Neddy Dick was still living here, as I had heard he was likely to go and live elsewhere with some relations. The reply came, " He is dead ; he died quite a while back." So to my disappointment, I was not destined to meet him, after all. However, I determined to learn more about him, and, if possible, to see his ingenious musical instruments.

At the Cat Hole—a curious name for a neat comfortable inn—I made some enquiries about the musician of the mountains. I remarked to the landlady, Mrs. Hutchinson, that I had learned of his death. " Yes," said she, " he died some two years ago ; he left me his harmonium which is in one of the front rooms. His bells have gone to a relative at Skipton, and there is the clock—pointing to a 'Grandfather' standing on the staircase—whose bell Neddy so often asked for to complete his set."

After tea I made my way down to the tiny hamlet to find out as to what had become of the musical stones. Here I had a further disappointment. The stones had, I was told, been removed to an outhouse after Neddy became ill ; and—

pointing to a ruin—my informant said, "The outhouse was demolished and the stones lie mixed up with the rubbish." When the clearance takes place it is to be hoped that the stone dulcimer will be treated with respect.

Next morning I again visited this tiny hamlet numbering under fifty souls. I observed an empty house, and divined who had lived there. But to make sure, I asked a villager who was passing. "Richard Alderson," came the answer. "Most of us knew him by the name of Neddy Dick." Then my informant added gratuitously, "He wer a queer un. He wer brought up to farming; but his mind was always running on music. He neglected himself badly; and though he had money he didn't know how to use it. Lots o' fowk came to hear him play on t'stones he had fished up out o' t'beck."

Probably this man's estimate was that of the whole village. As I myself had not met Richard Alderson, it was not easy to judge of his true powers with anything like exactness; but a week later I was able to gain a much better estimate of the man from a cultured musician who had stayed in Keld during Neddy's lifetime. His account ran somewhat thus:

"During my visits to Swaledale I was much impressed by Alderson's musical ability. On his stones—which had been selected with the utmost care, and tuned by chipping—he rapped out many melodies with facility. His harmonium, with bells attached to a framework, made a happy combination. With one hand he played an accompaniment on the instrument; while with the other he chimed the melody on the bells. With this miniature orchestra he produced delightful effects, and charmed the many visitors who came to his cottage during the Summer months. When

I sang to him the tune to 'Leeds owd Kirk' he became quite excited, and quickly appropriated it with his own special treatment. I regard the man as one who possessed genius—musical and inventive."

The way Alderson obtained his bells was curious. He would travel many miles to hear a striking clock, and would purchase or exchange a bell that fitted in with his scheme. His sense of pitch is said to have been remarkably accurate, for he could instantly tell if any bell he heard were suitable for his purpose in weight and pitch.

Before leaving my account of this remarkable man, let me tell you that these special powers were largely inherited. The Aldersons are well known in this neighbourhood as a musical family. So strong in him was music, that to follow it he gave up his farm and even neglected his personal comfort. With full advantages what might not such a one have done? In a humble manner he resembled Beethoven: he was careless about money, he sadly neglected his well-being, and by many he was doubtless regarded not only as an eccentric, but as something approaching a madman.

LETTER III.

Your welcome epistle awaited me at Bedale. So you have been to Annan; and have, I doubt not, looked in at the school where Carlyle laboured and passed some irksome moments. I am not surprised that a peep at the Solway was inevitable, and I am glad, even flattered, that you have bought a map of Yorkshire and that, with the help of a microscope, you have fixed the position of Keld thereon.

In my last letter I told you that the Aldersons are known as a musical family in and about Swaledale. I have found that some of its members

live at Thwaite, and that all the way down to Richmond the family may be traced. Thwaite, let me say, is a village not far from Keld ; and while on a visit to this place, I met an old man who described himself as " born and bred in these parts." He told me quite a lot about fiddlers, singers, and bands ; but I do not remember anything he said that was specially germane to my quest. But stay ! He did tell me one important fact—that at the Muker band contest, held on the very day of my visit, the awards were, 1st Hawes ; 2nd Keld (Bandmaster, Cooper Metcalfe).

That Hawes should have stood first did not at all surprise me ; for this town has long been a noted centre for band contests, and it is a place of considerable size. But what of Keld ? Here was a hamlet of under three-score people which had won second honours ; and here, I thought, was another feather in the cap of this lone village among the high hills. Surely, I reflected, if nowhere else in Swaledale, at least one spot of musical distinction is to be found in this village of Keld.

My walk from Thwaite to Muker was principally through fields. The evening was very peaceful under the setting sun : the great fells rose up on either side like ramparts ; the dark gullies were deepening into still deeper shadows ; on the road beyond the river, farmers and boys were driving home their cattle and horses from the show, some proudly displaying their fresh laurels ; and onward crept the river over its ancient bed with a soft musical sound, which, with its surroundings, brought to my mind an old song—

> Music on the river,
> Music on the hill.
> . . . . .
> Music everywhere.

At length, after pushing through some narrow holes made in the walls for the accommodation of foot-passengers, and wondering how stout people fared who came this way, I reached Muker, where I had learned a concert was to be given during the evening, and at which—considering my position as a learner—I hoped to be present.

As I had arrived at the time the entertainment was announced to commence, I hurried to the concert-room, which goes, I think, under the title of the Public Hall. But to my surprise the room was empty with the exception of two or three loungers. Surely the concert-party from Darlington appeared like having a chilly reception! So I returned to the main street where groups of farmers and cottagers were to be found joking, jostling each other, or quietly chatting together. To a woman standing on her doorstep I remarked, "Is there to be a concert to-night?" "Yes," she answered—"up at the Public Hall." "But," I said, "nobody appears to be going." "O, don't worry about that," came the rejoinder—"there will be a concert right enough, and a full house; wait a bit."

So during the suspension prior to the concert, I took the opportunity of making enquiries about the subject which had drawn me hither; and for this purpose I was directed to Mrs. Parker, who keeps the Post Office.

At the moment I introduced myself, Mrs. Parker was busy on this eventful day—serving customers with sweets, tobacco, and the host of light comestibles much favoured on such occasions as the Muker Show. When I had told her my errand, instead of asking me to call another day as business then prevented her dispensing gossip, she—with much energy and zest, but somewhat

divided attention—most kindly undertook to tell me anything she could about the musical doings of that locality. So, one after another, I fired off some of my stock enquiries : had they a fiddler, flautist, string quartet, or choral society in Muker ? To which came the reply, " No." Then, for the second time that day, I remarked, " I suppose, then, the people here cannot be regarded as musical." This brought the quick exclamation— " Yes, we certainly are : the people here love music, and know what is good when they hear it ; we have a vocal quartet party of which both my husband and myself are members ; we have our concerts in the Winter, which are really very pleasant affairs ; you should hear the singing, too, in our places of worship—it is both good and hearty. Have you been to the neighbouring village of Gunnerside where they have a choral society ; and have you heard of Miss Una Cheverton, the violinist, who lived not far from here at Low Row and who often broadcasts from London ? "

To most of this I had to allow my ignorance, and to confess there was yet much for me to hear and learn about the music of Swaledale. I also came to the conclusion that a little apparent disparagement is not the worst thing in the world for arriving at facts ; and further, that folk may sometimes be induced to reveal their own lights, while defending their near neighbours, or, as you Scotch would say—their clan.

After thanking Mrs. Parker for information so heartily and kindly given, I again turned my steps up the little hill to the door of the Public Hall. It was now half-an-hour beyond the time announced for the first item on the programme ; but sure enough the audience was there all right : the room was packed ; some were standing at the

back of the room ; and I counted myself fortunate in obtaining a seat.

As to the concert, let me say at once, that it was not of the rural order, but every item was entertaining ; dulness was shown the back door. The music hall type was favoured. The singers all had pleasant voices, and what especially struck me was the applause given to the best pieces. " Sally in our Alley," sung in the older and more modern styles was clever—the more dignified manner of the past and the jazzy-maul of to-day being cleverly given. Decadence was never better shown. This, I thought, is perhaps the best way to cure tinkering with the old, and often the beautiful. Unknown to the singers—and I daresay the audience—the selections favoured the doings of Yorkshire composers ; for in addition to Henry Carey's noted ballad, we heard quite a nice interpretation of Arthur Grimshaw's " Songs my Mother sang."

The concert over, I found a seat in the vehicle waiting to take stragglers up to Swaddle Head. An old man travelling the same road remarked to me, "A good concert—the tenor had a sweet voice." The man had unerringly touched on the most musical feature of the entertainment, and from his remark and from what I had observed during the evening's performance, I was glad to subscribe to the opinion that " these people know what is good when they hear it."

Despite the somewhat uncomfortable journey back to the Cat Hole—when the bus turned sharp corners with a jerk and jolted rather badly—my rest that night was not disturbed by untoward emotions, or startling dreams of being hurled over some steep declivities we had passed during the day. At six o'clock next morning I was up, and

before breakfast had made notes of some of my experiences.

But I had done more: I had looked out on the world from the head of Swaledale and had seen the distant hills covered with masses of cloud, the like of which I had not seen since my tramping days among the Pennines some ten years previous. Then, when fully satisfied with this, my attention was attracted to a white Persian cat amusing itself in the harmless exercise of catching its own tail and in springing about in a most irresponsible manner, and by a shepherd and his dog who appeared to be tasting 'the top of the morning' in a neighbouring pasture. I had also stepped out into the roadway and during a short walk had read on a marble tablet fixed in the wall not many yards from the inn—

The Great War, 1914.

Those whose names are on this Wall
For their country gave their all;
Coming hither, passing hence,
Hold their names in reverence.

Richard Alderson.
Thomas Clarkson.
Wm. Waller Hutchinson.
Robert Rukin.

An epitaph, simple, sweet, and touching; and an expression too of the highest form of harmony in human nature—higher than that of the finest music—unselfishness!

You may be sure that before I bade adieu to the Cat Hole I had played on the harmonium. The pieces that came to my mind and fingers in doing so were a "Tantum Ergo" by Mozart and the major theme of Chopin's "Funeral March." Then a farewell to two of my new acquaintances of this lonely village—Mr. F. C. Nunn, a carpenter, who had given me more than one useful bit of

information, and Mr. Scott, who is quite a musical enthusiast, and who told me how his family loved music, and how in bygone years at the Congregational Chapel at Keld—a building boasting of Calvinistic traditions—the music was led by a string band. And so I parted from these hill-folk, intelligent and refreshingly simple, promising them another visit at the earliest opportunity.

Before leaving Swaledale I took care to find the best way of crossing to Uredale ; and as the sky looked unpromising, I asked about the weather-signs. " Don't cross the Buttertubs pass to-day" was the advice of more than one. So I went again to Muker and while there copied these words from a tablet in the wall of the little wayside school—

This
Tablet was erected by
Public Subscription
in memory of
Richard Kearton, F.Z.S.,
Naturalist, Author and Lecturer.
Born 2nd Jan., 1862. Died 8th Feb., 1928.
He was educated at this school.

So, I thought, from this dale came another famous son of Yorkshire ; and on further enquiry I found that Cherry Kearton, brother of the above, also attended this village school. How sensible it is to mark such facts!

And now, as the sky had cleared, I determined to try the pass : in other words to foot it over to the neighbouring dale ; and of this I shall tell you in the next letter.

In closing this account, I would mention a few things of which I have been reading. First, that Grand Opera is coming more to the front in Yorkshire ; " La Bohème " and other operas given at Halifax have aroused much enthusiasm ; and

this reminds me that Sir Thomas Beecham is still throwing great energy into the Imperial League of Opera scheme. But probably what may interest you most is the fact that a Carol Symphony has been written and performed in London ; and here comes its special feature—the scherzo has " God rest you merry, Gentlemen"—a Yorkshire traditional tune—as its main theme.

Wensleydale

LETTER IV.

While preparing for my visit to the vale of the Ure, or Wensleydale, as it is more generally called, I lighted on Bigland's account of Yorkshire which was written well over a century ago. Bigland, let me tell you, was something more than a historian and topographer—he loved his county. Read this, and tell me if I am not right :—

"The Wharfe flows with a more copious stream ; and by filling its banks continues longer to satisfy the eye. The Ure frolics in its course, amuses with islands and cascades, yet rambles more concealed because its banks are more wooded ; but both are alike the sportsman's delight."

Another writer, who wished to be anonymous, wrote some lines about the Ure to "All the Year Round" of 1878. I quote a verse in which a pleasing lilt and a deft lightness of touch are apparent :

> "Glinting in her sunny shallows,
> Rolling through the long green fallows,
> Glittering under old grey bridges,
> Fretting 'neath her willowed ridges ;
> Whispering to the mosses keeping
> Vigil o'er the violets sleeping ;
> Flashing, laughing, dancing, gleaming,
> With the sunshine o'er her streaming ;
> Rippling to the moonlight shining,
> The spirit of her rays divining ;
> Giving back the glories given,
> By rose dawn and golden even ;
> As age serene, as girlhood pure,
> Softly seaward murmurs Ure."

But I have not yet come to Wensleydale, and am reminded that one should be "off with the old love before on with the new." So must bridge over my exit from Swaledale.

Already I have said that I was determined to 'try the pass,' and it was with a light heart and a sense of freedom that I turned my face towards the mountains. At a point where I passed near the river an old shepherd was seated on a wooden bridge looking calmly upwards with the air of some ancient philosopher. I took the opportunity to ask his forecast of the weather. His reply was encouraging : it might be showery and that was all.

The climb began up one of those long ridges which cause the traveller to shift his knapsack, and prepare for stiff exertion. But such exertion was not needed ; for I had gone but little more than a mile when a motor car came along. "Will you ride ?" called out a cheery voice. Gladly I replied in the affirmative, for my shoulders were already beginning to ache ; and in a few minutes I was ascending the hill comfortably and quickly with four other people—a father, a mother, and their two children—whom they were taking back to school after holidays.

So I gave myself up to congratulations on the certainty of having escaped a soaking, and to the luxury of being carried. How the motor fought with those steep places—some four and a half in one, and very rough in surface ; and how we skirted some of those precipitious slopes which I had seen in awe-inspiring pictures. Since then I may have read of a motor toppling over one of these declivities with fearful consequences. Our driver, however, did not appear to look for danger ; he admired the mountain scenery in the manner of an artist, saying that he had never before seen such effects as on this particular day ; and that I might count myself fortunate in seeing one or two rare mountain silhouettes. Nor did we forget music ; in which I found him an enthusiast, especially in string quartets and piano trios. Near

Hawes we said "Au revoir ! " and I well remember his parting words : " Don't fail to look me up when you again visit Swaledale ; we will then make music together."

Soon after my arrival at Hawes, I took an early opportunity of finding out a former acquaintance—Mr. E. Blythe, who for many years has acted as secretary to the contests held here. The band competitions at Hardraw Scaur were at one time of much greater importance than to-day—indeed, they were reckoned among the noted annual events of Yorkshire.

And now an earlier wish of mine was to be granted : I was to visit this battlefield of bands. Under the guidance of Mr. Blythe we traversed a number of fields, crossed bridges, and, following a pleasant after-dinner walk, we stood in the large amphitheatre where the river plunges—in floodtime —over a steep cliff. Here, in rainy and snowy seasons, the fall of water is almost deafening ; but on the day of my visit the cascade's effect was that of a light lace curtain blown to and fro by every breath of wind. Here you will bear in mind the long and exceptional drought from which we have suffered this year ; which has reduced both the flow of our rivers and the store of water in our reservoirs.

As we entered this formation of Nature's own devising, where the rocks rise high enough to keep out the heat of the sun at certain times of the day, my guide pointed out how effectual these rocks are to holding in the sound ; and how this great indenture makes an ideal open-air concert room. A concert room through which a river constantly makes its way ; a room beautifully surrounded and decorated ; a room where tonal effects are kept well balanced ; in a word, such a ready-made open-air concert room—with an

auditorium capable of holding 30,000 people—as probably not to be found elsewhere in Great Britain. If you have anything of the kind in Scotland, I should like to hear of it. Perhaps you have ; for you have many sublime nooks and corners. This may, by the way, provide a hint to your plumbing certain possibilities in such things as Bagpipe Contests !

Before we left Hardraw Scaur, Mr. Blythe remarked that the Hawes Band and Choral contests might again achieve their former popularity with a little more enterprise on the part of the railway companies. " Prior to the War," he remarked, " people came here, not only for the music, but for a grand day's outing."

As to Hawes, I think the town has plenty of musical talent : its brass band at the present time possesses some exceptionally good players—one, a cornettist who produces a quality of tone quite rare for its purity and smoothness ; its choral activities are considerable ; and in its churches music holds a prominent place. But, to use a sporting phrase, Hawes has far to go to be at the top of its best form.

While I was in Hawes, someone spoke of Dr. Wood, a retired medical practitioner, as one whose musical influence was felt for many miles along upper Uredale. That day I made a point of calling on Dr. Wood, with whom I had a talk ; and learned of his keenness, not only as a choral leader, but also in such matters as the encouragement of instrumental playing—he himself being a 'cellist and pianist ; the organising of concerts in the villages ; and in giving lectures serving to point the way towards the best in the art.

How the rain came down and the wind blew soon after I left Dr. Wood's bungalow at Thornton Rust, and began my walk towards Askrigg, which

lies across the valley ! As I toiled along, a milkman with one of those comfortable carts came by and offered to give me a lift. This I gladly accepted, and after he had put me down, the crossing of a wooden bridge, and two or three fields, soon brought me to Askrigg.

My first business was to settle my evening's quarters ; and having done this, I sallied forth to gather information—old or new—as to the condition of the song, string, and pipe music of this quiet and rather isolated town.

As I set out, the rain was falling heavily. No one grumbled at this, for water was badly needed after some months of drought. A man who was sweeping the flagstones in front of his house was kind enough to direct me to one or two people who would tell me about the musical doings of Askrigg.

Incidentally, before following his directions, I looked in at a shop to make a small purchase. The shopman, who was young and intelligent, came in for my first query, and from him I learned that while instrumental music here is almost down and out, choral and solo singing are very flourishing ; indeed Askrigg has on more than one occasion carried off the best prizes at the Leyburn competitions ; and it would seem that such is the vocal talent of this place that under careful training it should be capable of fine results. It was a pity, I thought, that with such conditions and such possibilities the joys of orchestral music should have been so little exploited.

My next visit was to Mr. Lomax, who has for some years been an active worker in training bodies of singers both at Askrigg and Hawes. With him I spent an interesting half hour, and will here set down the main points of what he told me.

"Askrigg folk," he said, " have a considerable natural gift for music ; it is a pleasure to teach them, and with their ability one finds great possibilities. The instrumental resources are scant. In the churches there are organs, including that in the Parish Church, built by Hopkins of York, but the playing of string and wind instruments is at a deplorably low level."

At this point, Donald, I stop a moment to reflect how some enthusiast—such as this man with whom I was speaking—is often the means of developing the powers of a whole community. His spirit of attainment has a force—an infection—that will not be denied. Not only in music but in a dozen other branches of science and art have I observed it. It is a case of the leaven leavening the whole lump ; allowing, of course, that the lump has the capacity for such a process. Mr. Lomax received his training in Bradford ; he came to Askrigg ; and Askrigg had sense enough to receive his mission. I will again quote his words, from which you will see his energies are not limited to one place—" Of the warmth the Hawes people show towards music I should like to say something. They are intensely musical, and give excellent performances of oratorios in their churches." Happily his ideals do not stop at choral music for he says—" One of my ambitions is to develop more string playing hereabouts, and to this end I am working towards the formation of a band of violins. I have already started ; but it is uphill work. Think of a neighbourhood covering many miles with only a few fiddles and a couple of 'cellists ; not a single player on the viola, that I am aware of ! "

After hearing such a recital, one feels inclined to pray for the revival of bands in churches.

From the accompanying of hymns and anthems it might not be a far cry to instrumental quartets, overtures, and symphonies.

But I cannot leave the music of Askrigg without the mention of a bit of independent testimony I gained from a musician farther down the dale a day or two later. It ran thus—"At times I have been surprised and delighted with the singing of some of the choirs. One of these with which I was particularly impressed came from Askrigg. It was conducted by Mr. Lomax. In such things as tone, balance, and phrasing, it was very good ; but it was far more in that the spirit and general interpretation were of such an order as to create a profound impression on those fortunate enough to be present at this event."

While on this subject I think of the great musical festivals which have brought the name of Yorkshire before the eyes of the world and how much such remote places as Askrigg may have done towards these great and splendid results. As I write this I turn up an article in the " Yorkshire Evening Post " and read, " The Leeds Musical Festival has only been made possible by the myriad little local choirs, harmonic societies, and glee parties of church, chapel, mill, and village institute, from which in its early days the recruits for its chorus were drawn." Yes, those glee parties ; what joy they brought in the homes and how far reaching was their influence. I think that the best of Callcott, Danby, and Jackson is surely not destined for oblivion !

By the way, do you know anything about the new music club being formed in London ? You will surely have read something of it. I think it is the outcome of the initiative of a lady—Mrs. Courtauld.

LETTER V.

A glance at your Yorkshire map will reveal that travelling down this lovely dale the names of certain villages are Aysgarth, Redmire, West Witton, Wensley, Leyburn, Bedale, and Masham. I give you these as a guide to my route.

The music of Aysgarth does not appear to have gained anything like the distinction of its scenery; but I gathered one or two notes of interest: that there still exists a lively recollection of the work of Mr. Arthur W. King, a man of artistic taste, an excellent violinist, and who, at no very remote date, was "the life and soul of the village concerts"; also that the place has the charm of six musical bells which ring from the steeple of its noble church.

From an active amateur, Miss Margery Burrill, I find Redmire and neighbourhood quite wide awake in the matter of musical culture. Miss Burrill, who won a North Riding Exhibition for violin playing—thankful we ought to be that such things are to be won—studied for some years at the Royal College of Music. Under the influence of Sir Hugh Allen and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, she gained such a knowledge of conducting as to induce her to lead a choral society, which draws its members from Redmire, Preston, and Castle Bolton. No big works are attempted, but when such compositions as Stanford's "Songs of the Fleet" receive careful interpretation this little society deserves much praise. Let me give you Miss Burrill's own words about her work: "The Choral Society competes in the local musical festival, and I also divide it into a Ladies' Trio and a Male Voice Choir. Last year I had 37 members, 14 of whom were men; and they are all very keen. . . . . There is a great deal of

music latent in all the villages in these dales, but great need of conductors and people capable of raising enthusiasm." During two years this lady worked hard with a small orchestra; but there was lack of material, especially in the way of bass strings. She says, "There are more young people studying instrumental music now," and she looks for a revival of this much needed band.

There seems to be no lack of talent hereabouts. The Stephenson family are spoken of as "all very musical": James Stephenson is a capital solo singer, and his step-brother Zacharias has a *penchant* towards the construction of stringed instruments. From a book lent to him he has learned sufficient to enable him to make two violins and a viola; of which the viola is described as having a particularly nice tone.

At this point I would tell you that the Stephenson family, already spoken of, have furnished me with facts of more than ordinary interest.

Mr. John Stephenson, father of the Zacharias Stephenson, just mentioned by Miss Burrill, reminds me, by his speech and bearing, of a Tynesider. I find, in fact, that he lived for some time in Durham county. Almost anxiously—as I sat in his cottage at Preston, not far from Wensley—I asked, "Are you a Yorkshireman?" "Yes," he replied, "I was born in this village." Then our conversation went forward.

"Our family," he said, "were all musical; all my brothers and sisters—of whom there were eleven—sang or played. One brother is a tuner of exceptional ability. In our home music was much practised, and it was our delight. We gave concerts in the neighbourhood, and were spoken about as the 'Musical Stephensons!'" Then he

went on to tell me of what might be termed, their home improvisations. He said :

" We often enjoyed ourselves in our own way. It was like this. One of us would compose and play a new tune on the spur of the moment. The others would at once try to make harmonies to agree ; and through our feeling for music and understanding each other, we generally produced pleasing results. Often people thought we were playing a composition from memory, and during one of these ' musical make-ups ' a man remarked he thought he had heard that piece before. We knew this was impossible ; for it had never before been heard by any of us. But we carried the joke further. Another brother began a tune. Again ready-made harmonies were played. Again the stranger was deluded ; for he remarked that he thought he had heard this tune at ———."

" Then we undeceived him ; and he was greatly surprised and mystified by the way it had been done."

You will understand that I was rather taken aback to find such feats had been performed in Yorkshire, and these at a fairly recent date. Still why should one be surprised since Giraldus Cambrensis in the Twelfth century spoke of the people of this county singing a second part " by a habit peculiar to themselves "—then adding, " and what is more astonishing, their children, when they begin to sing, adopt the same manner."

Apropos of this, you may remember that Mendelssohn and Moscheles practised impromptu duet playing on the piano ; and that Paderewski once remarked how he reckoned the Hungarians to be the most musical of European nations through their ability to improvise harmonies by singing added parts to a tune simultaneously composed and sung.

About his children Mr. Stephenson has much of interest to relate. Glancing round the room in the direction of certain instruments, he informs me that his eldest son, Gladstone, plays the bassoon, the double bass, and the euphonium. Zacharias has made violins and violas from beech-wood grown on the Redmire estate; he plays the 'cello. The third son—John Allen, killed in the War—was a good pianist and had a capital bass voice. The fourth—James—is also a bass soloist whose distinction in that capacity was shown by his carrying off prizes at the Leyburn Tournament in 1928 and 1929.

Now for Mr. John Stephenson himself—a man of interesting personality. His age is upwards of 70 years; his features are clear-cut, strong, yet mobile. When speaking of music, he quickly becomes excited, and his eyes fill with tears. He refers to these tears jokingly by saying, "Take no notice of them, they come quickly, and I have shed bucketfuls of them in my day."

Then he tells how he plays 23 different instruments. His favourite is the cornet; then come the pipe organ, the piano, the clarinet, and other members of the brass family; and finally the light and fanciful guitar, the mandoline, and the musical glasses. He sums up by saying, "Anything tunable I can tune up."

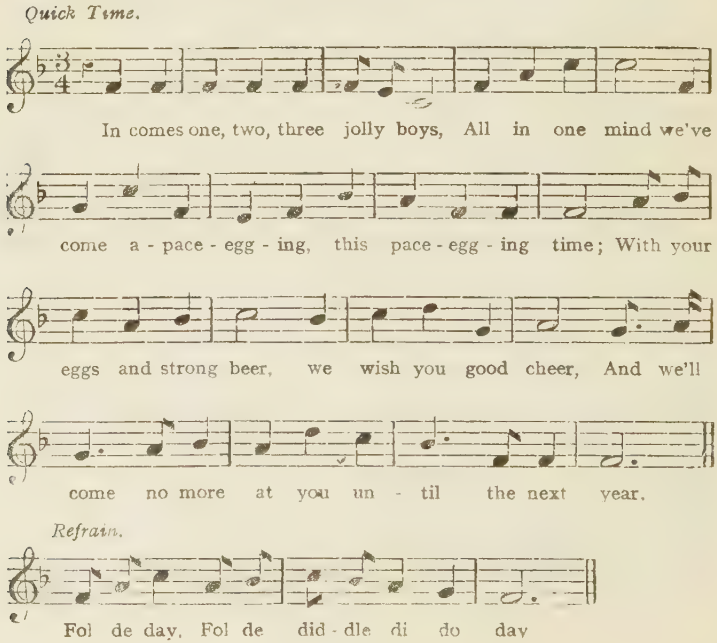
Next he speaks of the bands he has conducted at Castleside, Egglestone, and Consett, and for a few months that at Leyburn. The band at Consett began with himself and one man who had any knowledge of music. What remained to be done probably Mr. Stephenson only knows. When speaking of such conductors as John Gladney his admiration knows no bounds.

Mr. Stephenson's work has been that of a silver-refiner. He speaks of himself as a life-long

teetotaller but as one who does not disdain the solace of tobacco. And almost his parting words are, "Music is a grand thing for holding people together."

In this upper part of the dale, you see, there is a lot of musical endeavour going on; and among the teachers of the district Miss Madge Jones, of Preston, is described as "doing a great deal of useful work among the scattered population between Hawes and Leyburn." You will also like to know that the collecting of folk songs is not yet an altogether bygone art. Not that I found any, but Miss Burrill, who knows some of the old people well enough to overcome their shyness and get them to sing, has kindly sent me two of her discoveries—"Pace Egging Song" and "Ensilver" or Marriage-song, of which I give you a verse of each:—

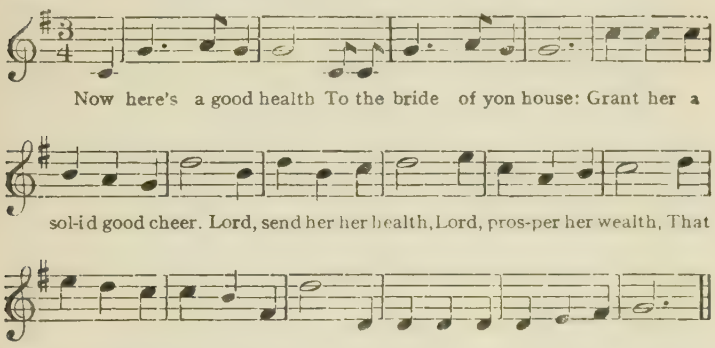
PACE EGGING SONG.


Quick Time.
In comes one, two, three jolly boys, All in one mind we've
come a - pace - egg - ing, this pace - egg - ing time; With your
eggs and strong beer, we wish you good cheer, And we'll
come no more at you un - til the next year.
Refrain.
Fol de day, Fol de did - dle di do day

The "Pace Egging" was, and is, I believe, a custom connected with the New Year. The above tune bears in its construction the marks of considerable antiquity. Look, for instance, at the last four notes before the refrain, and note the uncommon form of cadence. Compare it with the close of "Good King Wenceslas."

ENSILVER SONG.

This was sung when drinking the health of the Bride at the Public House.


Now here's a good health To the bride of yon house: Grant her a
sol-id good cheer. Lord, send her her health, Lord, pros-per her wealth, That
we may be mar-ried next year; That we may be mar-ried next year.

I scarcely need point out the peculiar, yet effective opening of the music here. You will observe that both tunes have exactly the same compass—that of a major 9th. To this tune Miss Burrill adds the note that it was sung by Christopher Peacock of Redmire.

Another rather odd bit of information I gathered about this interesting neighbourhood related to the existence of two serpents—instruments of course—one lying hidden in Bolton Castle, and the other somewhere in Redmire. As to whether the church ever claimed them I was unable to discover. They certainly now stand without its pale.

West Witton, with its long street, is quite an attractive place: it has a venerable look; nor

does it care to hide the fact that pilgrims were once in the habit of calling at its chantry as they passed from one abbey to another ; two ancient bells which are to be found near the chancel steps of the church—one of them an " alphabet " bell, bearing the first seven letters of the alphabet with an initial or terminal cross, and probably nearly seven hundred years old, the other still older—and which such an expert as Canon Roden thinks to date from Saxon times. Mr. Espiner, who kindly told me some of these things, is of the opinion that they may have once called to prayer the monks of Jervaulx.

While at West Witton I heard something about a Cremona violin having a place in one of the farmsteads here ; how its possessors held on to it with great tenacity in spite of some tempting offers ; and how the efforts of the Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett—that most enthusiastic musician—proved ineffectual to bring about a transference of ownership.

That West Witton is not ashamed of its antecedents you will further understand when I tell you that on houses standing in the main street may be read—

" Sursum Corda " ; " Laus Deo " ; " God with us and we with God.—W.H.W., 1876."

Of West Witton church I have said something ; but I would add that the gallery is now gone where used to stand, Sunday by Sunday, players of instruments—fiddlers and pipers ; and where, tradition has it, an irate leader once smashed his fiddle on the head of an offending member of the band. The advent of an organ has, of course, excluded the possibility of such irregularities. But it is well to know that the singing of this church is sedulously cared for, as is evidenced by certain tokens on the walls of the vestry ; for from a

number of framed certificates, one learns of the many successes of the West Witton choir in the dale tournaments of song.

Not far away is Wensley—a charming village—from which this dale takes its name. This place—with its river, its bridge, its groupings of trees, its village green with an ancient tree propped and tended with loving care, its cottage groupings, and above all, its church—has a character as distinctive as any I have visited.

Pages might be written about the church, which, I believe, boasts the title of "Queen of Wensleydale." Its pews date back to pre-Reformation days. Its windows attract attention by their colouring and story. And its mural decorations, which for many years have been hidden by a covering of plaster or paint, are gradually being restored. But as you are aware, my main interest was not with such things as these.

Before entering the church, I found a cross, erected by the late Lord Bolton, on which my attention soon became riveted. It bears this inscription:

In loving memory
of a dear Brother,
the Honourable
Amias Lucien Orde-Powlett.
Born 7th August, 1855; Died 6th May, 1905.

And again soon after entering the sacred building I found a tablet bearing the same honoured name: the inscription of which concludes with these words—"With my Song will I praise the Lord."

Let me tell you something about this notable member of the Bolton family which—although it produced its warriors, its bishops, and its judges—never, in my opinion, gave Yorkshire a greater

son. His talents were principally in the direction of music. He was a performer, a conductor, and did some fine missionary work in the cause of the art. He was never happier than in spreading its humanising influence among his neighbours. His self-imposed work included the performance, Sunday by Sunday, of the duties of organist at the churches of Leyburn and Wensley; and it was the over-conscientious discharge of these which resulted in his death before he had reached the age of fifty. He was a principal instigator in the formation of the Wensleydale, the Swaledale, and the Eskdale Tournaments of song. Quite a number of musicians owe much to his personal encouragement, help, and influence, of whom and for which Professor C. H. Kitson, Mus.D., Dr. Ellis, of Newcastle Cathedral, Miss Madge Jones, and others are ever ready to express acknowledgment and gratitude. In his home he organised musical gatherings to which his musical neighbours, however poor, received a hearty welcome. In a word he regarded the spread of the gospel of music as the great end of his existence.

What an influence was his! Throughout a wide area including practically the whole of North Yorkshire, I heard his name mentioned with love, respect, and almost reverence. "By sounds, not arms" this influence was achieved. An old chorister of his said: "The Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett was full of music; he was unsparing of himself to get the effects he wanted; we all felt he aimed for the highest. As he conducted he was heart and soul in his work, and one of his habits, when excited, was to run his hands through his hair. Occasionally he would go to the piano and try to make the instrument speak the intentions of the composer. What a favourite he was with all of us!"

I have already told you that this remarkable man died in his prime. The early termination of his life was brought about through his taking a severe chill from a drenching and then playing a church service in his wet garments. Pneumonia supervened, the end came, and Wensleydale mourned its great loss.

That the Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett has not been the only music lover of the Bolton family is shewn by this inscription which is affixed to the organ case :

In memory of
Letitia, Baroness of Bolton.
Born 3rd February, 1824.
Died 4th January, 1882.

At Leyburn and Wensley churches the organist to succeed the Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett was Mr. Herbert E. Brook, whose tenure of this position lasted about 23 years, during which period he did much faithful work. He was also conductor of the Leyburn Choral Society, where his wife and son acted as accompanists.

My arrival at Leyburn was on a market-day. There were quantities of Yorkshire-grown fruit on the stalls in the open square ; jolly-looking folk were buying and selling ; and I received the impression of brightness, business, and bustle.

Having wandered round for a short while, I came to the shop of Mr. Horne, a jeweller ; and it occurred to me that when I called here on a previous musical ramble, this gentleman, to whom I had an introduction, was at that time away from home. On this occasion I was destined to be more successful ; for on my entering the shop the first person I encountered was Mr. Horne.

After a short talk, this gentleman invited me to see his museum, which holds a secluded position, up a stairway, in his back premises. I remember

that one of the first things I saw was a cat sitting among a collection of furniture, pictures, and many things which it would require some hours to name. How is it that cats love to be among such accumulations? The only reason I can hazard is that mice may here find a hiding place. You will recollect—see Scott's "Antiquary"—that among the treasures of Jonathan Oldenbuck sat a large black cat which might have been regarded as the tutelar deity of his beloved accumulations.

During the chat that followed, I thought more than once of you, as some old ornaments and valentines came under notice. But to me an old pipe of the clarinet order proved a special attraction. This pipe had attached to it an inscription to the effect that it was used by John Jackson of Masham; and bore the date 1805. This treasure, I was able to tell Mr. Horne, was the instrument used by the Tanfield Miller, who was a member of the Masham Volunteer Band, and father of William Jackson of Masham, composer, and conductor of the Bradford Festival Choral Society.

And here was also a serpent—a fearsome looking black one—curled up in its case. These instruments, I have read somewhere, once found great favour with monks. I have never heard one played, but I think their tone is very powerful. The churches and abbeys in these parts would almost certainly have them in past days, hence the number lurking about districts with so many ecclesiastical antecedents. More recently this instrument has had a distinct place in Yorkshire brass bands, but now it may be safely described as extinct.

Then the painted portrait of an old fiddler attracted me. "What is this?" I asked. "That,"

Mr. Horne replied, " is the picture of Old Wrigley who was many years ago a noted musical character of this district." I pressed him to tell me what he could of this man, so he continued : " Willie Wrigley was well known in the Leyburn, Bedale, and Masham neighbourhood upwards of a century ago. He might have been called the fastidious fiddler, for no strings to be obtained hereabouts were good enough for him, and it is remembered that he would, when occasion required, walk all the way to Leeds to get the quality of string he wanted."

Surely old Willy had the makings of an artist in him. As I looked on his picture I thought there were evidences of superiority in that rather roughly painted face : it shows clear-cut intelligent features, and a bright eye. But the fiddle evidently gave the artist trouble ; and one can imagine that it may have called forth some such exclamation as that uttered by Gainsborough when he could not satisfy himself as to the length of a certain great lady's nose at the time he was striving to give a faithful reflection of her features on his canvas.

Having finished our chat to the accompaniment of a cigarette, Mr. Horne and I bade each other a friendly adieu. How often, I thought at that moment, are antiquaries regarded as musty, frowsy fellows ; whose faces become ossified through gazing into the past, and whose brains are like some of their belongings—clouded with the dust of ages. My own experience has been far otherwise—I have found them all shrewd ; but often susceptible of error generated by an excess of zeal ; and many—among them Mr. Horne—to be the brightest and most humorous beings to be met with in a day's march.

Before quitting Leyburn I had a short talk

with Mr. Adamson, who is very keen as to the development of choral music in this town. He expressed a hope that from the population of this place—something under 1,000—he may succeed in raising a choir capable of producing a cantata or other work of some pretentions. From another source I learned that the Town Band is making a brave struggle for higher things under Mr. Ernest Metcalfe and Mr. Sanderson. Then I set out for Bedale.

P.S.—By the way, I should be glad to hear as to what Scotland is doing in regard to music at this time. Do your orchestras and choral bodies keep up to their former high standard ; how fares minstrelsy in Glasgow and Edinburgh ? Anything you can tell of such matters will be warmly welcomed.

In my next letter you may expect a third instalment on the music of Wensleydale—rather a lot of detail perhaps, but all conducing to a clearer understanding of our activities on this side of the Border.

LETTER VI.

I am not surprised to learn that even you, a loyal son of Scotia, should confess your unwillingness to be present at a Bagpipe contest. I have heard two of the instruments playing together, and the effect of a massed band of them executing a grand march or lament is almost too dreadful to imagine. Heard from miles away they might be endured !

You are right in saying that the bagpipes do not represent Scotland's best native music. I can agree with Scott that a coronach played by them at the last rites of a mountain chief seems highly suited to the occasion ; but I note that your great author suggests that when heard at a distance—

say across a lake—the effect receives an added charm. Somewhere I have read that your true national instrument is the violin ; that the pipes are an importation from England ; and that at no very distant date. However, they have taken deep root in Scotland and that land will be counted their home for many generations to come. It may interest you to know that the weird skirling of bagpipes used regularly to be heard at the execution of criminals at Halifax. So when you hear a number of these instruments approaching from half a mile off and you are waiting the moment they shall pass your door, think on England. Now to my musical account of Yorkshire !

To me Bedale seemed very familiar as I stepped into its large quaint market place. This was due partly to the fact that I had visited it on two former occasions, and partly because I have a fine old lithograph which indicates that the general features of the place have changed little during the past century.

Soon after my arrival, I looked up Mr. C. F. Rowden, master of the Grammar School, of whose enthusiasm for music and whatever pertains to its welfare I had already had some experience. At the moment I met him he was playing bowls and while conversing with me continued to bear his part in a game just begun, in a highly creditable manner. Later on he gave me some notes from which I make the following selection :

" First of all, with reference to the Wensleydale Tournament of Song. This movement has been well served in the past by the hon. secretaries, notably Dr. J. H. Wood, the Rev. H. G. Topham of Middleham. The present secretary is Captain H. R. Chapman-Purchas of Leyburn.

" Dr. J. H. Wood is a capable and keen musician and has conducted—in the old days when we had

a concert to wind up the proceedings—several orchestral items at these concerts. I might mention that I was appointed conductor at these concerts on the death of the Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett.

"Since the War we have had to drop these concerts owing to cost of transport.

"The Rev. H. G. Topham did a lot of music for Middleham. He trained the Church Choir and conducted the Musical Society in that old township, which at one period reached a high degree of excellence. His death caused a great loss to the Tournament."

At this point, to shew Mr. Topham's enthusiasm, I will give a little story I heard about him higher up the dale.

In the neighbourhood of Middleham a neat farm had become vacant. To Mr. Topham fell the right of letting it. The vacant farm was advertised and in course of time it was duly tenanted. Someone afterwards asked Mr. Topham how he came to make his decision; as it was understood the competition had been very keen, and that there was an unusually large number of applicants for the house and land. "Oh," said the reverend gentleman, "I made a point of questioning the applicants on their musical powers. At length, I found one who possessed a capital tenor voice. The farm went to him."

While speaking of Middleham, I am further reminded of the late Dr. Pauli, a medical man, who formerly captained a team of bell-ringers at Middleham Church, and whose daughter, a good pianist, has found a field for her talents in Winnipeg.

Now let me summarize the rest of Mr. Rowden's account: Mr. Hugh Maughan of Neville Hall, Middleham, a very capable violinist, has done much for the orchestral music of this district, and is one

who has devoted much time to the encouragement and the practice of chamber music with kindred spirits in his house at Middleham. Miss Harker of Hawes takes much interest in the Tournament, and is a great worker—she is a very capable contralto singer, and has trained choirs at Hawes, Yorebridge, and Askrigg. Mr. R. H. Adamson of Leyburn—already mentioned—has done much in training bodies of vocalists and at his concerts he has been assisted by Mr. C. L. Naylor of Harrogate and Miss Elsie Suddaby of Leeds. Mr. Rowden concludes by correcting an error in my "Pilgrimage," by saying Dr. Kitson was born at Leyburn, *not* Bedale, for which he has my thanks; he mentions several of the adjudicators at the Tournaments—Miss Wakefield, Dr. W. G. McNaught, Tertius Noble, Dr. E. H. Turpin, Harry Evans, and Herbert Howells, which shows at least the very respectable age of these events; and he modestly speaks of some of his own activities in training choirs and opening organs. In the last-named, a glance at the programmes reveals his high aims.

Here I must further add that when speaking of the late Lucien Orde-Powlett, Mr. Rowden's enthusiasm is boundless, and from him I gained much of the information I have already given about that great pioneer of dale music.

During this visit, two features of Bedale specially interested me—its chantry and its church. The chantry is an old-fashioned building which would make a capital little concert room; as a matter of fact, I understand that occasionally it is used for this purpose but more often for baby-shows and lectures. As to the church, it is both large and beautiful; and it occurred to me that it might be worse named than "King of Wensleydale." Bedale people ought to be proud

of this noble building. In its tower is a good peal of bells, and one bell that stands apart, and dates from 1627, daily sounds the Curfew.

From Bedale to Masham is a pleasant stroll which I enjoyed greatly. From the ridge on which I walked for most of the way I gained a fine view of the Vale of Mowbray. Towns in the far distance looked like toy villages, and railway trains like toys belonging to them. On my right I had a glimpse of Thornton Watlass where lives Mr. Christopher Clarke, from whom I received much interesting information about the Thornton Watlass Festivals and the musical history of Masham. Let me here tell you that Mr. Clarke is a veteran amateur whose love and work for music have, through his long life, been steady and persistent ; his compositions, of which I shall make mention, clearly show that his creative side has called for expression. All he told me I am not able to give, but you shall have its salient features.

The first Thornton Watlass Festival was given in the church on September 12th, 1895. The Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett was at the organ and there were eight players of stringed instruments. The singers included six principals—Mrs. T. Gartside Tipping (soprano), Miss Willett (contralto), Mr. Tom Child (tenor), Mr. John Browning (bass) ; also Mrs. Godman and Mr. J. R. Summers (Bedale). There was a large choral body including twelve members from the Leeds Festival Chorus; and of the works performed the principal were Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Spohr's "God Thou art Great," Gounod's "O sing to God," and a "Magnificat" by Mr. Clarke.

Seven years later, another festival was held in the church of this village. You may be sure that the local preparations to be anything like adequate

for such an occasion involved a tremendous amount of work. What this meant may be gathered from this account—"At this service, as in those of 1895, the Masham singers were well to the fore, but many other voices were required for it, necessitating at least forty sectional rehearsals. The chorus numbered eighty excellent voices ; the orchestra forty players ; and the rendering was highly satisfactory."

Mr. Clarke speaks of the support he received from various quarters : how Mr. H. C. Embleton defrayed all expenses connected with the Leeds contingent ; how Blanche Lady Dodsworth was unsparing with her help and encouragement ; and how, through these aids and many others, the surprise was that a balance of £36 17s. 11d. should be shown. What a triumph for this remote country village : to give a festival of such dimensions, and at its close to show a surplus of funds !

It was only method and careful management that could accomplish such a feat, and the key to it is contained in Mr. Clarke's explanation where he says—" I mention this in order to show that it was possible in 1902, as in 1895, to hold a festival in a small village church, remote from the railways —no motor buses in those days—and to make it pay its way. I must not, however, forget that people were most generous in subscribing towards the effort ; respecting which, I circularized the neighbourhood."

The spread of a love for choral music by no means bounds Mr. Clarke's musical energies—his sympathies go out also to a wider understanding of the joys of concerted instrumental performance. Here is an autobiographical touch which relates to this :—" My next undertaking was an orchestral concert at Bedale in 1909 on which I knew for a

certainty that a loss was a certainty (the comparatively small size of the room accounted for this), but I wished to introduce something better to the people who would not go to any great distance to hear orchestral music—it was before Wireless came into general use—and who could not hear it at their homes. The financial result was roughly an expenditure of £100, against £50 on the credit side. A small charge was made to the people attending the rehearsal on the day of the concert at which the Bedale Assembly Room was full.

"Thus I was £50 down, but, if able, I would do the same again, because I know that many of the audience took something home to think about —I hope, pleasurably. It was a great delight to work up my little crowd of local instrumentalists— I took rehearsals for a whole year—the 20 picked professionals being engaged for one full rehearsal and the concert."

Here, Donald, is an example of such thoroughness and attention to detail as would, I think, satisfy the most exacting part of your nation. Those 30 instrumentalists; those rehearsals extending over a year. Such labour of love should certainly bear fruit to the oncoming generations!

Mr. Clarke, after having been honorary choirmaster at Thornton Watlass for 40 years, was presented with £40 to—as he expresses it—his great surprise and pleasure. His daughter, Miss Florence Clarke, is organist, and he still rejoices in training the singers. A feature of the services at this church is the singing of a set of responses composed by Mr. Clarke. They are effective, and form a departure from the much-used setting by Tallis. Just now he speaks of their preparation for a large diocesan festival shortly to be held in Ripon Cathedral, under the conductorship of

Dr. Moody, the energetic organist. He awakens recollections of past days by saying, "The following true story may not be known to you" :—

"At Thornton Steward a strange preacher took duty one Sunday, and before the sermon gave out a certain hymn to which there was no response by the band, much consternation being noticed among the musicians. The hymn being given out a second time, the leader of the band, after some consultation with his *confrères*, shouted out—'Please Sir, please Sir, we aint got a tune as'll fit it.' The Old Hundredth was quickly substituted, and the difficulty thus surmounted."

Mr. Clarke adds, "The above story was told me more than fifty years ago by a Bedale man, himself no mean performer on the 'cello."

In answer to a question from me as to whether he ever heard of Old Willie Wrigley he says—"I know nothing of a fiddler named Wrigley. You may have heard of a man named Musgrave or Musgrove who, I believe, lived at Crakehall, near Bedale, and who was both a maker and exponent of the 'cello." I had not heard of this individual, but it suggested to me that not only fiddling, but fiddle-making were at one time not uncommon occupations of these dales.

During the forenoon of this particular day, I heard a girl attempt the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, but although it was played with fair accuracy as to notes, it was spoiled by being taken too quickly and through the utter absence of poetic feeling. A sort of experience that takes place when the mind, being attuned for the best, becomes suddenly disordered through an unsympathetic agency. You remember, something like that when you remarked to a wayfarer, "A wonderful sky!" and the response

came gloomily, "Yes, bad weather coming!" And you exclaimed—*sotto voce*—"The stupid dolt!"

As I approached Masham, I was struck with its fine and sheltered position; its grandly curved bridge; and its rich woodlands. I thought, too, of its close association with those two artists, Julius Cæsar Ibbotson and George Cuitt; and especially my mind turned on William Jackson, the Miller Musician, who, when a lad, plodded over these roads with his ass-cart, dreaming dreams that were to come true.

Elsewhere I have written so much about Masham that I fear to repeat myself. Let it suffice to say that this town's music does not appear to shine just now; that in William Jackson and William Watson, Masham once had musicians and organists distinguished much above the average; that both Mr. Watson and Mr. Clarke did excellent work in guiding the fortunes of its choral and orchestral music; that the names of Miss M. Jackson, Miss Gorham, Miss Florence Clarke, Miss Horn, Miss Palethorpe, and Mrs. Powley recall the enthusiasm of some of its Musical Society's pianists and accompanists; that many long years ago Billy Marsden and W. C. Bell, both vocalists from Masham, did not a little in helping on the musical fortunes of Bradford; and that to-day a Memorial Case to William Jackson, of which I am proud to have been the instigator, is now to be seen in the Town Hall, and which will doubtless serve to remind the Masham people —I hope for many generations—of one who brought credit both to himself and to his birthplace.

P.S.—My rather pessimistic account of Masham's musical outlook of to-day, calls for

modification ; for since writing the above, I have received a letter from Mr. Christopher Clarke in which he says :—

" You may not be aware that quite recently an orchestral society has been formed at Masham, chiefly by Mrs. Pennyman, who now lives at Masham and is a connection of Canon Pemberton's family ; and always attended the Hovingham Festivals. The Hon. Sec. is Mr. Edwin Theakston, and the Hon. Conductor, Dr. Wood of Thornton Rust, Wensleydale. . . . . After an interval of about twenty years, I have taken seven rehearsals during Dr. Wood's absence. . . . . The regular accompanist is Miss Wade, who is Organist of Masham Church."

Further late news tells me that the Bedale Choral Society has now come under the direction of Mr. Claude Dodgson, son of Sir Matthew Dodgson, and may be regarded as having passed into very capable hands.

Nidderdale

LETTER VII.

The particulars you have forwarded about the London Concert Club form the not least interesting part of your last letter. The idea of having such a method by which more people will be able to attend the best concerts, at a low or moderate charge, will help the cause of music in several ways. The beginning of the experiment is, I see, in connection with the Courtauld-Sargent series of concerts. The mention of these names brings to mind that Dr. Malcolm Sargent has lately refused the princely fee of £7,000 a year as organist at a London cinema in order to follow the higher calls of music. This is eloquent ; and claims a place in history as an example of the rejection of proffered ease to the claims of art. In this country the charges for concerts is often much too high for many lovers of music. Mr. Samuel Midgley of Bradford has long worked towards making music of the best the joy of all who will listen to its message ; and you will agree that the Leeds Corporation has done well in subsidising the Saturday Subscription Concerts in that city. Now hundreds may obtain admission at sixpence per head. So far as I am aware, none of the villages I have visited up to the present time has any form of music club. This is to be regretted. What a fine field of musical missionary work awaits the newly-energised Incorporated Society of Musicians, or some private individual like the late John Curwen or the Honourable Lucien Orde-Powlett, of whom I have lately told you somewhat.

Since writing my last letter, I have made more than one visit to Nidderdale. The Nidd, let me first tell you, has somewhere been described as a mountain torrent. From its source in Great Whernside to Knaresborough, this river furnishes

many delightful surprises in the way of scenery, some of which are due to its peculiar windings.

For story and romance, Nidderdale is perhaps unequalled by any other part of Yorkshire. At Ramsgill, Eugene Aram was born, and at Middlesmoor he was married. At Knaresborough he became associated with a crime which has rendered his name notorious. Then there are many exciting stories in which Ripley Castle holds a central place. Knaresborough is replete with legend and history, in connection with which such names as Mother Shipton, Saint Robert, Oliver Cromwell, and the already-mentioned Eugene Aram hold a position of prominence, while its scenery—often wild and startling—forms a fit setting to the actions of beings, real or visionary, tending to attract unusual attention and even inspire awe. More than a century ago Bigland wrote of this place—"Knaresborough is a borough, and sends two members to Parliament. The market held on Wednesday is one of the greatest corn markets in Yorkshire." To-day the town does not return one member to Parliament and its market has no special distinction of which I am aware. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

Now I will hurry on to the story of Nidderdale's music. To begin let me say that the influence of music in this part of Yorkshire has, in the past, been a very live thing; and that to-day there are some bright evidences of its persistence. My account shall begin from Middlesmoor, near the dale-head, which dale-head once boasted the name Blackamoor.

When in these lonely villages, from which one sees scattered farms, you wonder how people living here have passed their long Winter evenings during the past generations. For instance, here is an ancient farmstead—Hazel Close. It is really

ancient, for one family—the Eglins—have occupied it for about 300 years. An enquiry as to these people brought the answer, "They have all been musical; they were the mainstay of the string and wind band in Middlesmoor church, generations back; their instruments—the violin, the 'cello, the oboe, and the clarinet—they practised in their home; and some of the family were singers."

You may be sure that it was with much pleasure that I heard this; for information of this sort goes far to help one object of my quest—the proof that music in the Yorkshire people is an inheritance from forbears of centuries ago.

Another old family of musical folk are the Horners. Some of them are playing to-day. But a feature of Middlesmoor is the peculiar interest manifested in bell-ringing. Every man, woman, and child in the village partakes in this interest for reasons of which you shall hear.

In the church is a peal of six good bells. These bells were presented by Mr. Samuel Horner through a relative—Mrs. Barkwith. To commemorate the hanging of the peal a sum of money was left in trust to provide an anniversary feast. Thus came about the institution of the Middlesmoor Bell Festival; when a free tea is given to the villagers, toys are presented to the children, and there are processions headed by the band. Another feature of this event is a service in the church, when a bishop sometimes preaches the sermon.

From Mr. Tom Bradley, of Lofthouse, I got some notes about the local brass band. Mr. Bradley, I may tell you, is very enthusiastic about music, besides being an energetic man of business. You may like to have his account in, as near as I remember, the words he gave it. He said, "I love playing the cornet and hope to blow it as long as I live. When I came here there were

only two or three people who knew anything about the playing of brass instruments, but we were very keen about getting on, and we made up our minds to form a band. A meeting was arranged, which took place in the schoolroom ; when plans were made for raising money to buy a set of instruments.

" Jim Calvert was appointed secretary, and by the use of collecting cards we were soon able, through the generosity of our more wealthy neighbours, to raise the money required. From our excellent president, Mr. Marshall Nicholson, we received great support ; also from our vicar, the late Rev. H. Minton Senhouse.

" The arrival of the instruments roused the village to great excitement ; the whole population turned out to see them brought from the train ; and soon I had my hands full in teaching the recruits to play.

" The men made surprising progress : in six months they played hymns ; not very long after they gave a concert of sacred selections at Pateley Bridge ; during the same Summer they earned £15 by public performances ; and at a band contest held at Muker, our band won the third prize in the section for village bands."

Mr. Bradley concluded by telling how he gained his experience in band music at Grassington in the neighbouring dale ; how his daughter has attained such success as a vocalist as to have taken the solos at the Central Hall, London ; how his wife who belongs to the Eglin family plays the organ at Middlesmoor ; and how his son is pianist at local events.

I need scarcely tell you that Pateley Bridge is one of the largest villages in Nidderdale. Visitors to its church cannot fail to have learned that the

Benson family—eminent churchmen and writers—are of this village, and that the Harker family have been among the main supporters of its church.

And here, let me add, that in another part of Nidderdale—at Bilton and Harrogate—a member of this family—Mr. Allanson Benson—did much musical work as chorister, composer, and organist. Since then he has attained distinction as an authority on Hymnology.

At Pateley I had great difficulty in finding people who could tell me anything about bands, singers, or choral societies. I learned, however, that there is no brass band in Pateley at the present time; but that when such a body of players existed in days gone by, there were counted among the members George Hawkin, who played the B flat bass; Jimmy Stuggs, who played the trombone; Noah Irving, who played the euphonium; and William Horner, the conductor.

High up the hillside stands the ruin of the old church—St. Mary's. Here there was once a string band, in which, I was told, Thirkill Dougill played the 'cello. In the churchyard I found a flat tombstone recording the memory of a woman who had almost reached the age of 120 years.

Among matters of which I am reminded is, that over a century ago, Pateley had its musical club, where William Jackson of Masham, then a lad, studied sight-singing. But I fear that no such form of activity exists in these days. Forty years ago there was a flourishing choral society here conducted by Mr. John Shaw of Harrogate. There is no appearance of such an institution to-day. But with all these negatives about the present time, the work done by Dr. Flintoft and his operatic society should not be overlooked, for

it tells of much hard work, and much added brightness to this town.

Three names of musical people of Pateley Bridge are often mentioned in this neighbourhood—John Skaife, the Newbould family, and Mr. Wilson, a noted bass singer. I was also told by Mr. F. S. Campbell, himself a keen amateur, that William Jackson once had a musical society in Pateley, and that Mrs. Sunderland sang at its concerts.

Pateley shews reverence for the past by cherishing an ancient bell which is seen near the entrance of its church. This bell once hung in the tower of the older building—St. Mary's—to which I have just referred. I was told that this bell was for some time in the possession of the Harker family, well known as benefactors of the church. It has now found a suitable resting-place within these sacred precincts. The inscription it bears is quite legible:

"Sancte Petre Ora Pro Nobis."

While speaking of this, I am reminded that in the north aisle of Middlesmoor church hangs a bell with a noted history. It is said to have been consecrated by Archbishop Drummond, who is described as having come over the wild moors from York accompanied by a number of churchmen, for this function.

Facing the church are Pateley Banks, beyond which stands the village of Greenhow. This village has always been associated with Pateley. In its flourishing days when its inhabitants included many miners, music formed quite a feature of the life at Greenhow. The miners held the reputation of being singers and performers on instruments who were well worth hearing. At the little chapel the "Messiah" was given with instrumental accompaniment. Among the village folk music was made a special study. And here, as well as

at Pateley, music was taught by such enthusiasts as William Thorpe and Robert Campbell, who carried forward some of the work so well begun by William Jackson.

My second visit to these parts was on one of those Autumn days which proclaim the coming of Winter : there was a nip of frost in the air, and leaves were falling in showers. But Autumn was dying bravely. As we passed through Birstwith from the direction of Harrogate I heard such exclamations as, " What a pretty place " ; " What a lovely district." And surely, I thought Birstwith could scarcely have shewn to greater advantage than on this day of dying greens and rich browns, with wonderful lines of scarlet drawn athwart them. How Turner would have revelled in it all, and how his fingers would have itched to transfer such beauty to canvas ! A woman in the vehicle remarked to someone : " It is a long way from Harrogate to Dacre ! " I felt sorry that any human creature should have found that journey tedious.

My first visit after my arrival at Dacre, was to a tiny chapel standing quite to itself by the roadside. The door being open, I entered. At the upper end stood a harmonium and a couple of seats for the singers. I guessed at the almost elemental simplicity of the services held here : probably a local preacher telling a few home-truths ; a handful of singers, perhaps including one who was destined later to delight Leeds or London ; and a small congregation lifting up their hearts in prayer and praise. Then I descended the Dacre Banks on my errand of musical exploration.

While in Dacre considerable information was forthcoming—I was fortunate in meeting people who not only knew something of the musical

history of the place, but they were also interested in my subject.

First of all I tried a few questions about string bands and choral societies, to which I received the answer, " No, Dacre has none of these at present." So I tried the old trick of gaining information as to what did exist, by asking whether this place might be regarded as being unmusical. This brought the reply, " Unmusical! Nidderdale is the most musical of all the dales."

So I thought, surely, my quest has been forestalled.

As I close this letter I look forward to your reply as to my query about the musical doings in the " Land of Mountain and the Flood." I have made a note of your questions, which shall be answered in my next letter. I am glad to find you patient and even interested in the many details I have occasionally sent you ; and, since you are acquainted with the names, and have even met some of the people of whom I have written, I can well understand this. That you should have once met the Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett at Richmond is pleasant to hear. Tell me more of this when we meet.

LETTER VIII.

Two days ago I received your long letter—full of interesting talk about the music of Scotland ; also the score or so of newspaper cuttings you enclosed.

From these cuttings I observe how active you people of North Britain appear to be. At Edinburgh you have Professor Tovey conducting, lecturing, and giving recitals of various kinds. At Glasgow, Dr. Whittaker's influence will doubtless soon make itself felt, more especially in keeping alive Bach

at his best and in reviving much of the historic lore of Northumbria. By the way, I was a fellow-candidate of Dr. Whittaker for the Degree of Mus. B. at Durham University. We both passed, and when the degrees were conferred, I well recollect how some of his pupils greeted their teacher with Doh, Ray, Me—sung most dolefully. I think a happier melody was then in the mind of their master. But to continue about the music of Scotland :—

I was delighted with many of its features. How at the Glasgow City Concerts, of which there were 67 last season, enjoyment was given to 91,000 people with the very small monetary loss of about £80. How at the Scottish Summer School of Music something like a hundred and fifty students gained much—who knows how much ?—in the way of qualification to perform and teach under such an able Director as Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, who I may tell you belongs to a Yorkshire family. How Mr. Lionel Powell and Max Mossel are visiting various Scottish towns with a fine array of artists. How at Aberdeen, reels, strathspeys, and marches are sedulously tended. How under Hugh Roberton, James Moodie and a host of conductors, the best choral music is being most artistically sung. How Scotch music and Scotch composers are never allowed to be forgotten ; and here I note the doings of the Scottish Orchestra, the Reid Orchestra and the name of a new composer, Ian Whyte. How string music is obtaining a more decided place under the auspices of the Chamber Music Association of Kirkcaldy, the Scottish String Quartet and the Fellowes String Quartet.

Then there are the concerts given by the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates and song recitals by John Coates. Pardon me if I mention them as two noted musicians from

Yorkshire. Nor must I forget to notice how Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser and Miss Margaret Kennedy continue to work in the cause of Scottish Folk Songs, particularly those of the Hebrides. But in waxing warm about Scottish music I must not forget the music of Nidderdale, about which I closed rather abruptly in my last letter.

"We are the most musical of the dales." A lady said this, and I allowed the statement to rest in my anxiety to hear reasons for her making it. Then she spoke of the music of this beautiful dale from various viewpoints: of Dacre and its bands, some of which appear to have been remarkably good; of one, Peter Wilkinson, a bandsman of exceptional powers; of the band of to-day, known as the Dacre and Summerbridge Silver Prize Band, which, under Mr. Harry Petty, has lately added considerably to its laurels; of the musicalness of the Abbott family of Dacre which supplies no fewer than six players to Dacre's brass band and named respectively—Bert, Tom, Rowland, Kit, Harry, and Ernest. This lady also told me that from Summerbridge came a noted singer, Mr. W. Smith Bell, who has been very active in the spreading of a better understanding of music in Harrogate and neighbourhood. That this gentleman has an excellent voice and style I know from personal experience; as I accompanied him on the piano at a recent concert. Miss Freda Abbott is also well known as a singer throughout this neighbourhood. I was further informed that Mr. Harold Mason, conductor of the Leeds Symphony Society, came from here, where his father was organist.

How very much in earnest I found these people of Nidderdale in anything appertaining to music! They speak of one or two musical characters of past days: there was Peter Green, a versatile

performer whose powers were displayed on the violin, the mouth-organ and other instruments. There was another known as " Banjo Ginger," an itinerant whose nickname serves to describe him and his instrument ; and a third of these visitants was a cornet player whose name has escaped me and who made regular peregrinations from Ripon. The day of such wandering minstrels has well-nigh gone, nor are their places likely ever again to be filled.

These things do not form the total of what I learned before leaving Dacre : I learned that a troupe of Sword Dancers, accompanied by a melodeon, once visited this dale at certain times of the year ; that in this neighbourhood once existed the curious combination of a band of Jew's Harps, and that a Mr. Grange of North Woods may to-day be counted as something of an adept in performing on this nowadays-despised instrument.

The relics of old-time music may be found in Dacre in the form of certain instruments very carefully preserved. In one collection—that of Mr. Ernest Abbott—are to be found a Broadwood harpsichord a century and a quarter old, a trombone, once in the Fewston Band, an old-fashioned harp, and a superannuated clarinet. Such things as these go far to shew the affection in which music is here regarded.

Onwards towards Knaresborough you may have noted places bearing the names of Darley, Birstwith, Hampsthwaite, and Ripley. Of their musical activities I will try to give you some account.

As I entered Darley from the Birstwith side, on a certain day in the lovely Autumn of 1928, the village must surely have looked at its best : the hill-slopes were covered with various kinds of

trees, some of which—the firs—had shed their fine leaves, making a brown carpet of the most delicate hue ; on the right the swift river with its cheerful murmurings and bright sparkle, occasionally came in sight ; while afar off, at the head of the dale, reared the mass of Great Whernside and its attendant hills. My advice to you is to see Nidderdale in Autumn!

Darley, with its long curious curve of road at least a mile in length, possesses more than one reminder of times gone by. Branching off from the highway is a lonely path leading up the hillside to the old Quakers' Meeting House—a humble building where a quiet people once worshipped in a way suited to their tenets. "Now"—said the present-day sexton of the various religious bodies of the village—"this building is not used, as there are to-day no Quakers in Darley. In its burial ground are about sixty graves, and every year a service is held in this church by members of the Society of Friends, who come from different parts of the country."

I was also attracted by the sight of an old-time coach, fitted as it used to be in its days of splendour with white curtains. Standing on an eminence, calmly regarding flying motors, with a dignity born of its antiquity and former importance, it seems to say, "Here I am, not forgotten, and maybe there are yet some people living who remember the day when I was to be seen at all the big funerals ; often with four or five people seated within, and Old Ingleby the coachman on the box." But my friend, Mr. Edmund Bogg of Leeds, must give you such details as these, while I must remember that musical annals form my principal theme.

Darley, be it known, has boasted an orchestra within the past sixty years. This fact alone

suffices to render this village prominent among its neighbours. As you know, most village string and wind bands to which I have referred, have been connected with some place of worship. Let me tell you that this band existed quite independently of any church. Its constitution was as follows: eight strings—including, be it noted, two violas; one flute; one piccolo; two clarinets; two cornets; a euphonium. Surely not bad for a road-side village!

For some years this band did great things in the way of keeping music alive in this place; and one may be sure that few musical events or church festivals would be regarded as complete without its help.

Now for the history of this band, for which you are perhaps waiting to hear. From Mr. Michael Scaife, a grocer, who was one of its members, I received the following account, which I will try to give in his own words:

"My father, Robert Scaife, though not a performer himself, was a very tunable man. (This word "tunable" reminded one, by the way, of the bells of Doncaster church as described by the poet Southey.) On his visits to Leeds he managed to pick up a few instruments, one of which, an old flageolet, is still in my possession; and on it several of our family were 'broken in' as players of wind instruments.

"Then my brothers and myself—there were seven of us—spent many a long Winter evening scraping out tunes on stringed instruments we had somehow managed to get hold of. At first our mother found these attempts so trying to her nerves that she often sent us off to bed before the usual bedtime; but as we improved, and began to shape in the way of making real music, she encouraged us in our practice. Often on Sundays

and on Summer evenings we gathered together in the garden for out-door music ; and it was not long before we were able to invite performers, outside our family, to join us, and so gradually our Darley orchestra was formed."

Asked as to why the band was not now in existence, Mr. Scaife said : " The chief reason for this is that some of our players left Darley. To-day our flautist is in Canada, one of our violinists is in Africa, and others have become scattered elsewhere. Those who remained then formed the Darley Brass Band." From this last sentence I understood why this band once numbered among its performers a clarinet player. The Darley brass band is still going strong, and is under the conductorship of Mr. Samuel Proctor.

I may say that some of these details greatly interested me. Here was a band which apparently grew out of reverence for music in a man who himself could not play. Talk about influence and suggestion ! I think the love of reading so common in the boys of Scotland to be largely due to something of this sort—a mother reveres books and encourages her boys to read. As readers of books with ' iron and bark ' in them your lads certainly lead the van. Before me, at the moment of my writing this, lies a newspaper cutting bearing these words, uttered by Canon W. H. Elliott : " I have never met any English boy in his early teens who can really appreciate fine literature. All Scottish boys in their early teens can do it. That is why the Scots beat us." Although I cannot go wholly with the Canon, I am largely in agreement with him. No wonder Scotland gave us Scott, Burns, and Carlyle !

In concluding this letter I might say that art forms quite an important part of Mr. Scaife's life : he has an acquaintance with the technique

of several instruments; he is organist and choirmaster of the little chapel not far from his house, where he has given his services for forty years; his knowledge of playing the harmonium is self-acquired; and he describes Darley as a place that has always been musical—even in the way of invoking the assistance of its band to call voters to their responsibilities at Parliamentary elections.

LETTER IX.

So you have been solacing your soul by listening to Chamber Music: what a lucky fellow you are to have been able to do this! It is many a long day since I heard such a thing as Spohr's Octet for wind instruments or Beethoven's Septet. This last-named was my first experience in Chamber Music. The horn-player, I recollect, got into difficulties in one passage, but otherwise the performance was smooth and impressed me deeply. What delightful hours I spent at those old St. James's Pops!

The thought has more than once occurred to me—Why do not orchestral conductors more often bring forward a section of their players to give some of these intimate and exquisite pieces? During Howard Carr's direction of the Harrogate orchestra this was often done—to the benefit of his solo-players and the delight of the audiences. Mr. Cameron, his successor, is especially good with suites for string orchestra. At the Leeds Subscription Concerts neither of these features have a prominent place. Perhaps the fact that, at the University concerts and elsewhere in this city, much music for solo wind and strings is given, may be a reason for this.

I agree that concerted music is every day receiving more attention: junior orchestras are

being formed whereby much of the work done in colleges and public schools is not allowed to run to waste ; in the musical papers you find players of instruments requesting to join a set of performers ; and there are other signs of an awakening in this department of music. When one observes an increased number of entries in local competitions for music of this class, we shall feel more assured as to our musical progress. It will be a glorious day for Yorkshire when every village possesses a string quartet.

In answer to your query *re* Albert Coates, I can say with confidence that this conductor claims Yorkshire as his county. I have read somewhere of his speaking of ' Woolopolis ' as the city of his people. This I take to be Bradford.

Reverting to my account of the music of Nidderdale, I will begin by saying that of all the pretty walks in Yorkshire, I know none prettier than that from Darley to Birstwith. I may also tell you that when travelling this way you pass near a bridge spanning the Nidd ; and that about this bridge there is an epitomising, but ill-rhyming couplet :—

" Up Swincliffe, down Swarcliffe,
Ower t'new brig and int' Hartwith."

A visit to the church and churchyard at Birstwith reveals that the people here have not allowed their players, singers and ringers to pass ' unhonoured and unsung '—for before I have been long on this hallowed ground I read :

In memory of
William Bowling,
sometime a ringer in this church.
Who in the midst of life and strength
was suddenly called away
On May 17, 1863. Aged 50 years.

Then comes the touching addition—

" His fellow-ringers and other officers of the Birstwith Church have erected this stone in testimony of their regard for the deceased."

Near by is a gravestone bearing the name of Samuel Hullah. No musician he, so far as I am aware ; but on later enquiry, I learn that many of the Hullahs have lived hereabout. My mind calls up the name of John Hullah, a former composer and propagator of sight-singing. I recollect the Ellas of North Yorkshire, and almost make up my mind that the composer of "The Three Fishers," although born at Worcester, came of a Yorkshire stock. I make a note to verify this point.

Within the church I am attracted by two tablets—both of which bear some relation to my search. The first perpetuates the memory of Frederick B. J. Greenwood, and bears the words : " The Vestry, with the Organ Chamber, erected to his memory 1889." The second is a memorial to " James Cryer, Schoolmaster and Organist, Dec. 1894-1918." Then comes a line I rejoice to read : " Erected by the people of Birstwith."

Having made these notes, I pass out into the public road and stop at a snug colony of houses. Here I observe two women enjoying a chat—some would call it a gossip—in the quiet part of the afternoon. I venture—somewhat haphazard—to ask about the musical activities of the village. From my informants I receive the impression that Birstwith is badly off just now in regard to such things as instrumental and vocal societies. But there is a strong insistence on the fact that Birstwith people love music. I go so far as to express regret that some of the old musical institutions have gone ; and receive the reply : " We think it must be the Wireless." "And mind you," said the younger of my informants, " you

can have too much of that : it sometimes gets on my nerves ; and then I shut it off."

These two people—doubtless wishing to resume their confab—then recommended me to see one of the oldest inhabitants of the village—a Mr. Jackson—adding, " He has plenty of time to talk to anyone." I receive the admonition with a smile, which they return, as understanding what it means, and I pass on my way.

Before long I found Mr. Joseph Jackson in his pretty cottage. He is an octogenarian with a good memory, and one very willing to tell me all he could of the musical past of the village. So far as I remember, these were his words : " I fear that what I have to tell you may not be of much use, but I will do my best."

" At one time Birstwith had two bands—a string band and a brass band. I well recollect the names of two of the players ; they were Bob Jackson and John Thorpe. The string band led the service in the church. The brass band had some capital players, but they had one bad fault, which was, that they could not always agree among themselves. Let me tell you what happened one Christmas. Both bands had arranged to go round and play at the various houses ; and at certain homes preparations had been made to give them a hearty welcome. But it happened that the brass band began to disagree as to the order in which the houses should be visited ; this soon became a real quarrel—' fratch,' as some call it— and at last the members went home without having made a single call. You may be sure, ' Peace on Earth ' was not in their hearts that night. The other band, with more harmony among them, had a right good time, and received all the plums.

" In Birstwith we have had some musicians above the ordinary : there was Bob (Benjamin ?)

Jackson, who was a first-rate organist and who was at the People's Palace, London, for many years ; he was also a composer ; there was Sugden Thorpe, who was organist at Birstwith—he could play the cornet too, and to listen to his tone was a great treat ; there was Mr. Blakeborough—one of a musical family—who for years conducted our choral society ; there was John Laycock, an organist, better known as 'Blind Johnny,' who, although blind, was a much respected musician, and held in succession the organ posts at Birstwith and Hartwith ; and there have been some others whose names I have forgotten."

Before I left him, this cheery old man—at my request—spoke of himself. "Hundreds of tunes," he said, "come floating into my mind ; some of these, which I thought I had quite forgotten, come at most unexpected times. I was never what you call a musician, but I was always interested in playing and singing. Many odds and ends come to my thoughts, and now I can let them rest there, my memory for music seems to grow stronger." Think of this, Donald, at eighty ! It is like taking on a new life through a hobby. Here let me say that the Jacksons are an intelligent family and that S. S. Jackson—the inventor of the automatic loom, which was described as having brought millions of pounds into the pockets of its possessors —was brother to the old gentleman who had given me this account of Birstwith's music.

In my next letter you shall hear more of the music of this romantic dale.

LETTER X.

To me, Ripley is a very attractive place ; in fact I regard it as a model village. It is fortunate in having many natural beauties. Its castle, its

church, its ancient cross, and its time-worn stocks revive memories of days and doings long past. While its order, its general equipment, and the sense of well-being that pervades it, go far to establishing the impression first mentioned. Now I hope to tell you something about Ripley's musical past and present, and in doing so I will first speak of its choral society.

Over thirty years ago Miss Blanche Fane was the leading spirit in its formation. The practices were then held in the Knight's Chamber of Ripley Castle, which is described as a most suitable room for such a purpose—suitable through its convenience and acoustic properties, and fitting—was it not the Knight's Chamber ?—for the preparation of the vocal warriors who were destined to enter the lists at York—in other words, the York contests. The Ripley singers have, I believe, regularly competed in these song tournaments since the inception of their Choral Society.

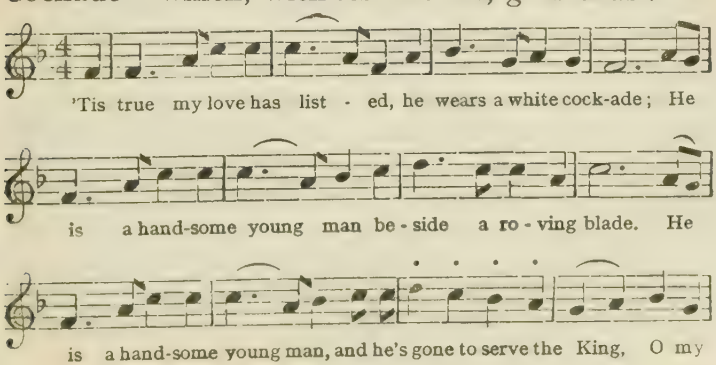
This year, I understand, the time-worn, but not worn-out "Messiah" is the principal work on the Ripley programme. Nowadays the practices are not held at the castle, but in the beautiful Town Hall, which is such a feature to the appearance of the village. In the York contests these singers have an excellent record to their credit in the way of having won two first places, two second, one third, and a silver cup. The present zealous conductor is Mr. Fred Wood of Harrogate.

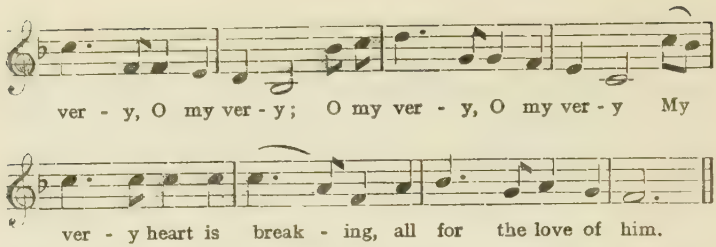
Ripley has its brass band contests, but, I believe, no band of its own. A feature about these contests is, that Sir William Ingilby, Bart., sometimes wields the baton for a performance of the massed bands. Surely art is not only a levelling power : it is a welding force of the best kind.

If Ripley has no brass band, it has what I think to be something better—it has a small orchestra.

Village orchestras are rare ; and they stand for much—much in making them ; much in holding them together ; and much in their representation of local musical ability. The make-up of this band is as follows : two or three violins (may they soon be four times that number !), one viola, one 'cello, one double-bass, one flute, a piccolo, a clarinet, drums, and glockenspiel. And it is not least interesting to find Sir William Ingilby acting as its conductor and pianist, while Lady Ingilby plays the glockenspiel. Lovely, is it not, to find the clash of arms of early days superseded by the humanising and binding power of sweet sounds.

While writing about Ripley's music, I open a book entitled "Traditional Tunes" which was given me by its compiler, the late Frank Kidson. As I turn its pages, some past experiences are revived : I think of a delightful afternoon I once spent with Mr. Kidson when he shewed me his fine collection ; and I think of a Ripley performance of his Folk-play, "The Golden Wedding." How well I recollect Dr. Ladell's singing of "Young Bucks a-hunting go" and Mr. Harry Wrightson's realistic interpretation of "The Hares in the Old Plantation." Other delightful Yorkshire folk-songs that were sung on this occasion were—"My True Love once he courted me," and the "White Cockade" which, with its fine lilt, goes thus :—


'Tis true my love has list - ed, he wears a white cock-ade ; He
is a hand-some young man be - side a ro - ving blade. He
is a hand-some young man, and he's gone to serve the King, O my



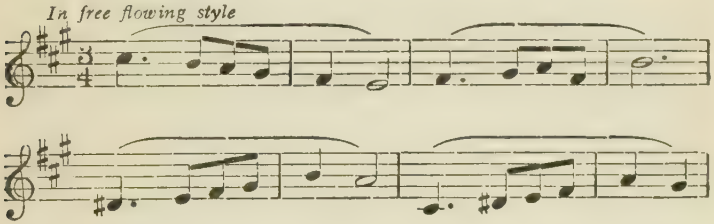
Here, Donald, I'm sure you will not fail to notice one or two touches at least, much favoured by our forefathers—for instance, the quaint syncopation, and the intensity of expression brought about by the leap of an octave at the sequence in line four.

While in Ripley I learned other facts about its music: that Mr. Thorpe has sung in the church choir for sixty years; that Mr. and Mrs. Usher have been among its members for thirty years and more; that Miss Mabel Usher plays the viola in the village orchestra and may be counted a coming vocalist; and that Mr. Mitchell, the organist, may be reckoned among the veterans, for he has been leader of the music at the church for fifty-four years.

Having gleaned all these facts and history about Ripley's music, I set my face towards Hampsthwaite. To *walk* to that place seems inevitable; and I determine to take the way through the woods and along the bridle-path. First I pass the castle, and soon my ears are attracted by the sound of a cascade which is to be seen before entering the woods. A few moments later I am passing along an avenue of beeches which never fails to thrill me—it is about 300 yards in length, and in the freshness of Spring or in the gorgeousness of the Autumn, as on this particular day, it appeals to me more than the nave or aisle of the finest cathedral. Those waving boughs, those leaves shimmering in the sunlight

and murmuring in the wind—fairly eclipse the highest art of man.

While I sit on a bank, jotting down my information just received, a postman comes riding through the wood on his bicycle : he is singing a "Fa la" song suited rather to the Spring than this day of Autumn. Perhaps he is recalling those days when the blue-bells were out and made a ground of loveliest blue, the heavenly effect of which is always fresh to my memory. Had he been singing the song I have just quoted, or heard him whistling this bit of Tschaikowsky—we must not forget we are living in the days of Wireless—I need not have been astonished :



Again syncopation, a shapely melody, a sequence, and a lilt ; all true folk melody has something of them ! If not a folk-song, this excerpt has surely some of its characteristics.

But the sun, sinking low in the west, reminds me that my ruminations must be brought to a close : I leave the shady woods, pass along the Bridle Path to the main road, and before long Hampsthwaite is reached.

After my arrival, a short conversation with the present sexton of the church—Mr. William Haxby—brought me the information that thirty years ago Hampsthwaite had a small orchestra which was inaugurated by Mrs. John Field Wright —a lady who appears to have been full of good

works, including the support of the Temperance movement. Mr. Haxby also referred to the residence of Amy Woodforde-Finden the composer, among the Hampsthwaite people. You know already, I think, that she lies buried in this church-yard, and that the church possesses a fine monument to her memory. Whether this gifted lady wrote any music during her residence at Hampsthwaite, I have not been able to discover.

I next found out Mr. John Haxby, brother of the man of whom I have just spoken, and he supplied me with some details which I found interesting, and which served to fill in the gaps of the rather sparse account already given me.

Of these details I give the following: The string and wind band already spoken of was conducted by Mr. Robert Burrill of Harrogate; Mrs. Wright was also the originator of a brass band in Hampsthwaite; a choral society which formerly existed, was started by Mr. Thompson of Kettlesing, a hill-village not far away—its conductor was Mr. Mitchell of Ripley, who taught its members the arts of voice-production and sight-singing; and on the occasion of the unveiling of the Amy Woodforde-Finden monument, the Harrogate Symphony Orchestra played selections from the composer's works, while Miss Peck, daughter of the Vicar, sang one or two of her songs from the "Indian Love Lyrics." Another interesting fact I learned was, that in the church tower are three very old bells which were rehung by Mallaby of Masham about 1902-3.

You may have heard that a former sexton and chorister of Hampsthwaite was a blind man named Peter Barker. About this remarkable character Mr. Haxby senior waxed eloquent, as one who admired him and had known him personally. Let

me give this account in somewhat of my informant's manner :—

"A most wonderful thing about Peter was his fine sense of touch whereby he often greatly surprised visitors. It was difficult to think he could not see, so free was he in his movements and the confident use of his hands. In tallness and strength he was quite above the ordinary. He played the violin, and had a well-sounding voice with which he could sing either a bass or tenor part. From childhood he had suffered from blindness, but could distinguish darkness from light. In a way he was like Samson—strong and blind. On one occasion a boy sought to play a trick on Peter by placing a barrow in his path and over which he was likely to stumble or perhaps fall. Certainly the sudden contact brought about a nasty jolt which caused him to pull up sharply. His next act was to find the reason for the accident, and this he quickly detected. Soon he had his revenge : seizing the barrow, he lifted it high above his head, and with all his might dashed it to the ground with such force that it was quite shattered to pieces. It is needless to say that this lad never practised any of his tricks on the blind man after that."

Mr. Haxby shewed me a painted portrait of this former notable sexton of Hampsthwaite. It was executed by Miss Deck, the daughter of a former vicar, and reveals features of unusual alertness and intelligence.

Personally, Mr. Wm. Haxby interested me. When I entered his garden he was lopping a tree, a heavy task, I thought, for a man of his age ; but he seemed to regard it as a mere pastime. While giving me the account of the musical doings of Hampsthwaite, his face glowed with enthusiasm ; and his honesty and desire of accuracy were

convincing. Though a carpenter by trade, he has made organ pipes and can discuss acoustic reasons for their pitch and tone; he has a pleasant speaking voice, has sung with the Ripley Choral Society, and can debate the finer points of execution to be aimed at by bodies of vocalists; his philosophical outlook is illustrated by a remark he made while speaking of Peter Barker—of his physical deficiencies and his mental compensations: "Yes," he said, "while we are minor in some directions, we may be major in others."

During my stay with him he showed me an old church pitch-pipe which is among his cherished possessions; he spoke of the old home of the Thackerays in Hampsthwaite where lived the forbears of William Makepeace Thackeray the eminent essayist and novelist, and of which he has had a painting made by Mr. Varney, an artist who lives in Harrogate. He told me of a former inhabitant of the village, named Richard Jeffrey, a bandsman, who was endowed with a remarkable musical memory; how this man could reproduce on his instrument the melody of almost any piece he had once heard; how on one occasion, while walking through the village, he heard the band playing over a new composition, and, on entering the band-room, gave the conductor and his men a great surprise, by taking up a cornet and playing through the various portions of the piece in order and with scarcely a fault; and how the son of this Richard Jeffrey, a lad of four, so astonished an itinerant leader of a German band by his piano-playing that the said German encouraged the boy by giving him money. Here was surely an instance of the 'turning of the tables'! This lad, it appears, died while yet young, and the people of Hampsthwaite are still wont to say, "What might not young Jeffrey have become had he lived?"

A recent institution in this village is a well-built comfortable concert room called Dale Hall. Mr. Dawson has shewn much enterprise in building it, and placing therein an organ. It should prove a musical blessing to this neighbourhood !

With the intention of hearing what kind of music obtains in the churches and chapels of Nidderdale, I have lately made more than one visit to its places of worship. In order not unduly to lengthen this rather long letter, I will comment on their merits under the headings A., B. and C.

A. No choir. Each member of the congregation sang and the service was hearty. No voice harsh or out of tune.

B. A church in a wide scattered district. A large choir which attempted a full choral service without anthem. The part singing unfinished. The congregation sang with a fair degree of heartiness.

C. A lonely small chapel quite off the main road. Harmonium, large choir, surprisingly well balanced—some three or four voices to each of the vocal parts. A good congregation. The choir singing was hearty yet controlled ; and points of expression were aimed at. Everybody present sang, and part-singing was to be heard among members of the congregation. The choir at this church, I hear, is much in demand for special services in other parts of Nidderdale.

Your remarks about the Wireless and Talkies have much interested me. You ask my opinion about certain leading pianists of to-day. Of these things you may expect to hear somewhat in my next letter.

P.S.—You may wonder as to why Knaresborough and its neighbourhood receive so little

mention here. The reason for this is, that in my "Musical Pilgrimage in Yorkshire," the music of that place has already received a fairly full notice. I can assure you, however, that its music continues active, including the attainment of new honours by its band.

Also I have a later note about the Ripley choir, to the effect that at the York Competitions, 1930, it has gained first place in the 'village class' and brought home the Challenge Shield.

Wharfedale

LETTER XI.

As to the Wireless, I agree with you on all the four points you mention ; and which, if I may, I will restate thus :—

1. That the tone, as it comes through, is often poor and thin ; often, as it were, throttled and colourless ; and the total result a mere travesty of the true vocal quality or orchestral effect.
2. That Broadcasting is a means of keeping the world—even to some of its remotest bounds —in touch with the big musical works, especially in the matter of their larger constituents—their melody, their harmony, and their form.
3. That in thus spreading a wider knowledge of the best music, its influence will prove an ultimate blessing.
4. That those who think the Wireless will ever provide a full, or anything like complete musical education, are quite wrong. Passive, or even active listening will never achieve this, and those who imagine that it will, are living in a fool's paradise. There is no such easy road to the right understanding of music. They who would know the Will of God must go and do it ; they must not be mere listeners ; and so it is with music : Aristotle said those who would listen best must first *do*.

As to the " Talkies," my first impression was, that they are a failure from an art point of view—that their tone is nasal, blatant and ugly, with no redeeming feature beyond the wonder of it all. Later, I heard something better—the tone more modulated, and the singing more sympathetic ;

from which I concluded that the "Talkies" may have a great future before them. There is, too, a very definite reason for their helping the higher ends of music, viz., by sending many fine performers (instrumentalists) out of the cinema into the healthier musical atmosphere of the concert-room, the opera-house, and the theatre. One could say much more on this subject, but what I have written will suffice, I hope, to show you the direction of my observations, and some points that have occurred to me in the general outlook.

By the way, before I begin to write about Wharfedale, might I ask whether you know anything relating to the development of dentistry in the way of helping players and singers—through the fashioning of dental plates? To this I should, if possible, be glad to have an early reply.

To me the word Wharfedale revives a crowd of memories. As I look back on my travels I think of the river's fine broad flow at Ilkley and Otley; of its earlier tumultuous descent from its source in Cam Fell; of its hurried passage through Raisgill, Hubberholme, and Buckden; of its noble surroundings at Burnsall; and of the many historic associations connected with such places as Skipton, Barden, and Bolton.

In this letter you will see I have started my musical investigations at Skipton, which place, Mr. Edmund Bogg—in his "A Thousand Miles in Wharfedale"—describes as the chief entrance to the upper regions of this beautiful dale.

Let me begin with the castle, the home of the Cliffords, once the centre of rough riding and fierce fighting; a place that has witnessed bloodshed—perhaps even oppression and cruelty. But the castle life had other aspects, as its ample records serve to shew: there was a scrupulous care in its household management during certain periods of

its history ; evidence is shewn of much consideration for the welfare of its numerous dependants ; and very noticeable is the encouragement of music and musicians.

Now, Donald, in the letters I have written you so far, I have given you few heavy chunks to swallow in the form of historic records ; but I find, in order to uphold my statement about the music of Skipton Castle, a number of quotations must be made. Among these you cannot fail to note the mention made of your native town. With this preamble, I proceed to let you have these said records as taken from the Household books :—

To the music (minstrels ?) of York, when my Lord Digby was here at Skipton, £5.

To Lord Willoughby's men playing at the hows twice, 30s. Given to the Waites of Halifax who plaied in the Court, Sir Step. Tempest being there, 2s.

To Roger the Piper, his reward for attending here in X'mas, 10s.

Musicians, itinerants w'ch played to my Lady, £0 2s. 8d.

The records also shew that the music of Skipton Castle did not receive exclusive consideration, for we find :—

To two pipers at Carlile 3/s.
To the ringers at Carlile 5s.
To the poor at Dumfries 4s. 6d.
To a piper there 2s. 6d.
Payd to the French Wheyn Mynstrell 3s. 4d.

During more recent days Skipton has had a noted character named Frank King. He went by the name of the Skipton Minstrel, and was known at every fair and feast for many miles round the neighbourhood of this town. He had more than one physical infirmity, being both blind and lame. As to his lameness, this light-hearted man was wont to be humorous at his own expense ; and would say that no other King ever had so many ' ups and downs ' as he. His fiddles were four in

number, and he had them named Fanny, Betsy, Peggy, and Sally. One or two of these he only used on special occasions. His mother, probably something of a character too, had taught him many old ballads which he sang as he fiddled. The miners of Grassington made much of Frank—they would carry him shoulder high and hail him as "Francis the First, King of Fiddlers." His end was a sad one—after a Gargrave Feast, he mistook his path, fell into the canal, and was drowned.

His uncle was known as Owd Peter King. He appears to have been equally famous as a travelling musician. These two men probably closed the line of minstrels in this neighbourhood.

The history of Skipton Parish Church is much bound up with that of its castle. From the verger of the church, I obtained some information about the bells and their more recent history, and from Mr. David Ettey, the town librarian, I was directed to certain books whose perusal occupied me for about three hours; and for your—I hope—edification, I will proceed to set down some results of this bit of research:

"This year, 1628, the Right Honnerable Francis Earle of Cumberland gave the little bell to the p' ish of Skipton, with all the wood to the frame where it now hings."

I follow up the history of the Skipton bells, and find that in 1733 there were five bells in Skipton steeple. Writing in this year, Gent, the famous York topographer, says:

"In the Civil Wars the steeple was almost demolished. The five bells were taken as a Prize, and though agreed to be redeemed for Two Hundred Pounds, yet only four of them were sent back."

The little bell already spoken of, was not destined to remain at Skipton; for another extract reads:

"When the bells of 1760 were brought in, the little bell was sold to the churchwardens of Rilston for £15."

"Mr. Harrison's bill for hanging these 6 bells was £39 10s. 9d."

"Pd Otley ringers by Mr. Harrison's order, £1 - 1 - 0."

Other extracts inform me that when the new set came, the old bells were sent to Tadcaster to be melted down; that upon the massive framework may be read the name of John Harrison, Raison, Lincolnshire; and that round the rim of the first, or treble bell are these words:

"Exultemus Domino + 1759 + Lester and Pack of London fecit."

Two further notes record that to-day Skipton Church has eight bells which were hung by Messrs. Mears of Whitechapel in 1920, and that two of the present ringers have rung the Skipton bells for forty years.

You expressed great interest in the doings of "Neddy Dick" of Keld! His bells, I may tell you, are in the possession of one of his relatives who is living in Skipton at the present time.

While I am dealing with records, always formal, but often highly interesting, you shall have the following, which go far to giving the story of Skipton's church music:

"1787—June 3rd—Mr. Hall to make good the deficiency on the bass viol; it originally cost £8 14s. 2d."

"1790—Francis Waller for a bassoon which is the property of the parish of Skipton." (Had this bassoon strayed?)

"1794—June 1—Francis Waller a gratuity for bass reeds 7/6."

Here I wonder whether this Francis Waller made musical instruments 136 years ago.—J.S.S.

Early in the 19th century we find Skipton's church band had gone, and with it the story of its fiddles, clarinets, and bassoons; for our records say:

"1803—an organ obtained and an organ gallery built."

"Jan 1—1804 it was decided that the organist do receive the sum of £5 5s. 0d. per annum for instructing the children in psalmody."

"1813—Charles Moraine appointed organist at £45 per annum together with £5 5s. 0d. for teaching the children psalmody."

Here I pause a moment to recollect as to where I have met with this musician's name before. I look through the fine array of instrumentalists who played at the great festival held at York in 1823. There, surely, is the name—Moraine, organist of Skipton, one of the violinists. You will see that Moraine was organist of Skipton till 1833. Now to continue these records:

"1831—Resolved, that from March next the organist shall collect and receive rents of the organ gallery; and shall have for his salary from that period whatever he may be able to make by letting the pews, and that he receive in addition from the parish £15, and also five guineas annually for teaching the singers."

Poor Moraine!—his lot had become harder during these eighteen years! One wonders whether he had a family to support, and how the church music fared while he was considering empty stomachs corresponding with certain empty pews. What calculations he may have had while playing his organ! Cruel, was it not, that the leader of the music should have to regard himself as whipper-in, or coaxer-in of lazy or indifferent church-folk? It might be possible to read into such a proceeding as this, that this organist was being used to supply the shortcomings of other people.

Then two years later came the almost inevitable sequel:

"1833—Resolved that unless speedy means be resorted to for recovering arrears due to Mr. Moraine, the situation of organist be not filled up."

So during something like twenty years, the cruelty was pressed on and on ; and the sufferings of the organist may have been exquisite. Look at the deft threat—two-edged—and whom does it cut most nearly ? There can be only one reply. The expected soon came. Mr. Moraine vacated—doubtless in much bitterness of heart—the post he had filled for thirty years.

A lady from Liverpool—Miss Dodd—appears to have succeeded Mr. Moraine. One hopes she had independent means. Of her I gathered these facts : she was blind, and highly respected as an organist ; her compositions for the piano had quite a vogue during her life-time ; her tenure of office as organist of Skipton Church was 37 years ; and she lived to the ripe age of 81.

In 1875, a new organ was built at Skipton Church by Messrs. Jardine & Co. at a cost of £700, and which was opened by W. T. Best. Elsewhere you will have read that recently when the building was struck by lightning—its third visitation of this kind—the organ was completely burnt out. The present excellent instrument was put in by Messrs. Rushworth and Dreaper of Liverpool, and Mr. Mosley of Silsden is the organist.

A glance at a few of the present-day musical activities of this historic town shall bring this instalment to a close : Instrumental music has been active here and Skipton's permanent orchestra has had quite a respectable existence. For half a century choral music has been very much alive although recently the vocal prestige of the town has deteriorated. The Musical Festivals, principally in the form of competitions, are, I hear, doing some very good work in bringing forward a greater appreciation for the best compositions, and in arousing a healthy spirit of emulation. A distinguished body of singers I heard spoken of

while in Skipton was the Male Voice Choir, conducted by Mr. Hume Wrathall; and since then I have learned that Mr. David Jolly, organist of Gargrave, has achieved results with the Carleton Choral Society which are worthy of much commendation.

LETTER XII.

It is with pleasure I find that you think there is a field for investigation in the direction of "Teeth for Singers." As you say, if Stradivarius took such pains about the tone of his violins, surely some dentist might earn a name by developing the subject of mouth resonance. Here the shape, weight, and material of the plate would require the nicest consideration, while the teeth themselves would undergo the most careful scrutiny. For players I find something has been done, as may be gathered from this extract which lately appeared in the *Daily Mail*—

A Test Minister for a whole Orchestra.

"Special attention has had to be paid to the instrument played by the patient. The man who plays the brass bass has to have enormously strong front teeth because of the great pressure exerted on them during his playing. The man who plays the flute has the ends of his front teeth flattened, so that he can grip the mouthpiece of the instrument with equal pressure. The man who has been playing the bagpipe for some years has worn a notch in his front teeth and the notch has to be reproduced faithfully when a false set is made."

Now to continue the story of Wharfedale's music! Not far from Skipton are places bearing the names of Kildwick, Crosshills, Barnoldswick, Gargrave, and Earby. Musically, they all have features of interest, of which I will tell you.

Kildwick was, in days gone by, the superior parish to Skipton. It has a fine church, beautifully situated on a hillside commanding an extensive

view. Here are some excellent musical appointments: an organ by Messrs. Forster & Andrews of Hull, erected 1868-9, and later on renovated by Messrs. Laycock & Banister, whose organ works are in the immediate neighbourhood; and here also is a peal of six good bells on which the names of the vicar and churchwardens—at the time they were hung—are to be found.

As I write of this ancient church at Kildwick, I think of some of the vicissitudes through which it has passed, more especially in the matter of its music. These days are days of great freedom in the way of church ritual—the vicar and organist have much scope in the choice of hymns, chants, anthems, and settings; even such things as cantatas and oratorios may there find a place. What a wide contrast is this with the church music in the time of our Tudor sovereigns! Then, even the singing of hymns was watched with caution and even suspicion, and their place in the service was almost granted on sufferance. This extract, which I wrote down from an old prayer-book, while in this neighbourhood, will shew you what I mean:—

"For the comforting of such as delight in Music, it may be permitted that in the beginning or at the end of Common Prayer, either at Morning or Evening, there may be sung an Hymn, or such like Song, to the praise of the Almighty God, in the best Melody and Music, that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sense of the Hymn may be understood and perceived."

At first sight this may savour of something very stilted and cramped; but, considering the weak stuff that has crept into many of our hymnals—both as to words and music—we ask, was the caution contained in the above paragraph unnecessary? I, for one, think not!

Next let me tell you about a local organ builder—and he, no ordinary man.

In the Kildwick churchyard rest the mortal remains of John Laycock ; this John Laycock was responsible for the renovation of the organ in this church. His gravestone indicates the love of his life, for thereon is carved an organ—the copy of the first instrument he made, and which may still be seen at Bingley. The family of Laycocks have long lived about here, and some of its members have been buried in this churchyard.

What I heard about John Laycock, organ-builder, interested me much. Here is somewhat the picture I gained of him : A tall man of powerful build, who in the prime of life often, on Sundays, walked to Leeds for the joy of attending a service at the Parish Church. In those days, Dr. S. S. Wesley was organist there. A sturdy Northman and an honest upright man, Laycock was respected by all who knew him.

His life story, as with that of more than one other musical Yorkshireman, reads like a romance. A rough outline says—a few years at school ; then a hand-loom weaver ; then a cartwright, which calling he followed till his thirtieth year ; and finally an organ-builder and founder of the firm, still in existence, under the name of Laycock and Banister.

The filling-in of this story is worthy of attention for it tells us how John Laycock made his own way, in spite of some hindrances ; and how, although he never had a lesson in the art of organ building, his efforts resulted in the founding of a firm which has made a reputation. It would seem, from the following account, that he discovered his gift almost by chance.

The old organ at Ickornshaw Wesleyan Chapel had come into his possession, and, with the love of a mechanic and an artist, he subjected the

instrument to the closest examination. Finding himself able to take this organ to pieces and re-construct it, he set about making an instrument of his own. In this he succeeded so well, that his work soon found a buyer in Mr. James Hartley of Glusburn. This created an epoch in his life; and the making of carts and waggons was superseded by the building of organs. As time went on many orders came in and the firm became established.

Laycock's course of preparation for such an issue makes reading of more than ordinary interest. The man was a constant and earnest worker in the way of self-improvement. We read that he was eager and intelligent. When opportunity afforded, he applied himself to the study of science. He loved a problem in mechanics, and became an adept at making clocks—one of which was made entirely of wood and indicated not only the hour of the day, but the day of the month. Many stories are told of his constructive art wherein the making of windmills, delicate lathe work, and all manner of fancy and useful articles have their place. One of his recreations was landscape painting.

An account of this remarkable man, written to the *Craven Herald* by Mr. T. H. Haswell, reads thus:

"Born on Nov. 24, 1809, at Cook House, Glusburn, the deceased has passed the allotted span; and, now full of years and honour, with eye undimmed, and natural force almost unabated, and preserving his faculties to the last, he passed away, on Friday, the 13th September, 1889."

"As an instance of the cultivation of great natural powers by assiduous study and perseverance, amid adverse surroundings, his life was almost unique, and well deserves a place among the records of those worthies, whose memory future generations will delight to honour."

Having made what I may term something of a study of this ingenious man, I turn to one or two other aspects of the musical doings of this venerable village of Kildwick. As I pass near the village school I look inside. There I happen to meet the schoolmaster with whom I have a short talk. He mentions no lad or lass belonging to these parts with outstanding talent either as a singer or as an instrumental performer; but he says the children here all delight in singing and dancing, and regard the music lesson as one of their joys.

On his suggestion I am led to seek out Mrs. R. Laycock, once well known in the musical world as Miss Lilian Rillington, a member of Miss Lena Ashwell's Concert Party which did such excellent work in cheering the soldiers at the Front during the Great War; and who, in addition to making a concert tour in America, has sung certain minor solo parts at our Leeds Musical Festivals. She, I find, has not allowed her powers to lie dormant at Kildwick, for she is heart and soul in helping local music by her singing, her talks on music, and the encouragement of concert and operatic performances. She, too, speaks highly of these people's love for music, and after a talk with her I could well understand how from such neighbourhoods as this we derive many of our choralists, our bandsmen, and often talented soloists.

In concluding this letter I will refer, though somewhat summarily, to those other places in the vicinity of Skipton to which I referred earlier in my letter. While at Crosshills I visited the organ works of Messrs. Laycock and Banister and had a chat with a near relative of the founder of the firm, and from him I gathered some of the facts just given. It was pleasant to read his respect and reverence for John Laycock not only from

what he said, but his manner of saying it. Barnoldswick holds records of many vocal and instrumental activities, some of which are yet going strong. Gargrave has distinguished itself for its go-a-headness in choral music, due in no small degree to the encouragement of Lady Wilson. And as to Earby, if this village has done nothing else, it has given Yorkshire one of its most artistic pianists in Mr. Lloyd Hartley.

You ask me to give my opinion about some of the pianists of the present day. This is no easy matter, as I find that whereas a certain man delights one with his rendering of Chopin he disappoints you when he essays Beethoven; another may play Thalberg delightfully but with Bach he may be a failure; and you will be able to add many equally appropriate examples of pianists' limitations. But I will do my best by saying that I think Walter Rummel is especially distinguished in playing Bach; Pachmann as an exponent of Chopin; Moiesewich with Schumann; Lamond and Frederick Dawson in their playing of Beethoven. Dawson also in such modern pieces like "Water-pearls" by William Baines excels in giving the brilliance and glitter which such music requires.

You also ask "Where is Mendelssohn to-day?" Another time, when I am not so tied and bound by postal arrangements, you may expect to hear something of this.

As to your query asking whether we have a book of Yorkshire traditional music arranged with piano accompaniments, I must reply that I fear that we have no such collection. I take it that you mean a book after the style of Dr. Dunstan's "Cornish Song Book." I wish we had!

LETTER XIII.

Before I forget, let me try to answer your question about Mendelssohn.

This composer has been oft under a cloud. By certain highbrows he is spoken of at best, in a patronising sort of way. Sentimental—sickly—say some ; thoughts and ideas long worn out—say others. But for all this, Mendelssohn's works are constantly cropping up at first-class concerts : his Scotch and Italian Symphonies always arouse enthusiasm when well played ; his oratorios more or less steadily hold their place ; and his organ sonatas are described as great by those who ought to know. Personally, I welcome hearing one of Mendelssohn's best compositions almost at any time ; and while placing him lower than Beethoven, Schumann, or Schubert, as a profound and original genius, I delight in the beauty of his artistic expression, in the fine finish of his work, and in the cohesion of his ideas. The grand sweep of those bass instruments in the last movement of the Scotch Symphony I am bound to describe as thrilling.

In continuing my account of Wharfedale's music let me inform you that this letter seeks to tell you something of the music in the higher parts of that romantic region. If you care to consult your map you will note that some place names are Grassington, Kettlewell, Buckden, Hubberholme, Raisgill, and Outershaw—all small places, of which Grassington has the largest population, and of which I will first tell you.

Grassington is a small township of peculiar shape, where the streets and houses seem to have been jumbled at haphazard, and where some of the best residences appear to have hidden themselves. After arriving, my first attempt to gain

some knowledge of my subject was by addressing a few questions to a man who was comfortably reposing his limbs on one of the many seats which abound in the main thoroughfares. At the sound of the words music and singing, the man became excited ; and before he had told me much, I was almost dragged to another seat occupied by an old man, who, he said, was thoroughly acquainted with all the history connected with my enquiry. But he was mistaken. I heard a lot about bands in general ; singers who had been, but their names were now forgotten ; and about societies in whom the town had once rejoiced. The more these zealous but kindly men talked—sometimes both at once—the more I became bewildered, the more especially when exclamations from bystanders began to assail my ears, and I was fain to find an informant with some idea of method and accuracy. At length I found such a one in Mr. H. Thistlethwaite, whose shop is to be found in the principal thoroughfare.

To hear of the ups and downs of musical life in such places as this always interests me. Wherever found, one may be sure that any communal development of artistic life has not been achieved without effort. I may not personally know any of the men or women whose work or influence has brought any definite result, but I like to know how it has been done. And, moreover, the story of the formation of a band of musicians or singers has often much attached to it of the praiseworthy, and even something of the heroic. Here are the details that Mr. Thistlethwaite gave me.

The Glee Society was formed by Mr. W. Field, who was an excellent exponent of anything musical. Later this developed into a choral society, under the baton of Mr. H. Maud, which

gave successfully cantatas of the order of Cowen's "Rose Maiden." The outcome of this movement was the present Operatic Society, which under Mr. Thistlethwaite has given delight by the performance of many of Sullivan's Operas.

To afford accommodation to the concert-goers of Grassington an excellent hall was built in 1923 at a cost of £6,000. Such a room was badly needed ; it was erected ; and now only a quarter of this sum is needed to liquidate the debt that remains on it.

The schools have been fortunate : for there Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Chapman have been indefatigable in training the musical powers of the scholars. They have taught them not only singing, but also Morris and Maypole Dancing. These children have carried off many honours at the Wharfedale Competitions, and when they brought home the Banner-award for the third time, the youngsters received a great ovation by being met and headed home by the Brass Band on their return.

As to orchestral music, there is a juvenile orchestra trained by Mr. F. Boothman. At the Wesley Church, strings sometimes have a place in the service. And there is a Dance-band arranged by Mr. Penny and Mr. S. Stables.

Grassington has had many brass bands, and one of its best was the Temperance Band formed in 1898. Mr. Thistlethwaite directed them ; they were a musical success ; and they did something more than pay their way.

At Linton, not far from Grassington, a man named John Lupton was buried recently. This man, though deaf, built Linton's first organ.

On the edge of the moor at Yarnbury lives the Broadbent family. In their isolated surroundings,

these people make music among themselves with piano, violin and 'cello. They play so well that they are able to give concerts, and make a charge ; by which they help charitable purposes.

I well recollect my northward journey from Grassington. It was in the early morning, as will be assumed from the fact that the bus on which I travelled left the market-place at 7-15 a.m. For the greater part of the journey to Buckden, I was the only passenger. In this solitary state, I had full opportunity to see the beauties of the dale ; and I could not help noting that as we ascended the roads became narrower and the scenery took on a wilder aspect. It also occurs to me that we met a number of lads riding their bicycles on their way to school, presumably at Grassington.

The driver of the bus appeared to be a sort of general factotum—postman, carrier, and bus-driver in one. As we passed along, people stood near the wayside in front of cottages and at lane-ends : to one he would hand a letter, to another a newspaper, to a third a parcel, and so on. This broken travelling did not trouble me—I was interested to see more than one face brighten at the sight of a letter, there was full opportunity to view land lit up by the morning sun, to watch the river dimpling merrily on its way, and to be conscious that, as I had taken time by the forelock, there was no immediate hurry for me to reach my destination.

My musical enquiries began at Buckden, a place where once—at no very distant date, either—the wild buck was wont to roam ; and it was not long before the Beresford family of Outershaw and Buckden were spoken of as people well known in this district for their musical abilities. They are farmers ; and as the locality of their grey homesteads was pointed out—mere dots on the hillsides

—I thought of the delightful occupation and pastime music must have been to these quiet toiling men and their ancestors; and further, I think, as I write this, of some earlier settlers in Australia of whom I have been reading lately, who, during their sojourn there, were willing to pay a big price for Scott's "Kenilworth," or a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Where there is mind, that mind craves for nutriment, and where there is any form of artistic longing, that longing generally finds means for its satisfaction. These Beresfords somehow obtained instruments—violins, for many of them were fiddlers—and alone and among themselves they made music.

You may here like to be reminded that at the top of Swaledale I found violin-playing much in favour; also in Nidderdale; and now I find it so in Wharfedale.

At the schoolhouse at Buckden, live Mr. and Mrs. Cooper; both musical. The school is attended by a mere handful of children—thirteen, I believe. Of them the Horner family are spoken of as being musical. Pointing to a house across the valley, Mr. Cooper said, "There live the Horners." They are all singers, and their mother, who is particularly fond of music, gives them every encouragement in the way of cultivating their powers.

Mr. Kendall, a farmer, also told me facts of interest. "The people here are musical," he remarked, "not because they have been taught, but because music is in them. You find people and families who sing and play almost as naturally as they eat and drink. Take such families as the Beresfords and the Gills for instance. They have been musical for generations. Some of them played in the church band at Hubberholme in days gone by. In my early years I remember

how we sang the old-fashioned psalm tunes; there was part-singing, too; and somehow, I do not think that our local singing of the present time can equal what it was then."

"But," he further added, "formerly we had a larger population in Buckden. In the school there were sixty scholars; and a brass band helped to brighten the life of the village."

Almost a nonagenarian, Mr. Wm. Gill told me about himself and his family—the same people, by the way, of whom Mr. Kendall spoke. I found that nearly all the men of this family play or have played some form of stringed instrument. They appear to have learned somehow, and taught each other.

At Hubberholme, the next village higher up the dale, is a quaint church. Its musical traditions are wrapped up in the story of its old cracked bell, its ancient music gallery, the psalmody used here, and its former band of wind and string performers.

Descending the dale from Buckden, I came to Kettlewell. Before I had long been there I was told of a Mr. Carradice, the schoolmaster of over forty years ago; how thorough he was in the teaching of sight-singing by the Tonic Sol-fa method; how he organized singing classes in the village; and how his concerts are still spoken of. Happy he, I thought, to be thus remembered.

Then I chatted with one, Richard Airey. It took me some time to find the little hut where he does his cobbling and shoe-making. Dick's best days as a practical musician are over; but he is always happy in telling about his experiences of the past. He tells how his instruments include the violin, the cornet, and the concertina. As he cobbles his shoes he relates how he and one or

two others used to attend dances which extended from seven in the evening till five next morning ; he speaks of long journeys over the hills and occasional rough happenings ; he speaks of those days when Kettlewell had a good brass band, and how, when the mines were closed, the players dropped to four members, and the band became a mere memory.

Dick tells me also of the Kettlewell bells, of which there are three ; he also expresses his opinion about singing. " Bell-ringing," he says, " I reckon to be quite in the line of music, and to be a good bell-ringer you must give your heart and mind to the job." And in this I was in thorough agreement with this light-hearted cobbler. "As to singing," he said, " I think you had more of the real thing when there were fewer tutors." In this, I thought, opinions might differ.

At present, I fear that in Kettlewell there is not much doing musically. The place has, however, a choral society, and that surely is a point to its credit. Its conductor is Mr. Herbert Maud.

As I walked back through the village I passed a house from which came the busy click-click of a typewriter. This sound seemed rather unusual to come through the open windows of what seemed a private residence. So I asked someone in the street who lived at the white house to which I pointed. The answer I almost anticipated— " Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne." And I wondered whether these clicks heralded yet another book in which Yorkshire characters and Yorkshire scenery will be to the fore.

Before I left Kettlewell I was in no manner of doubt as to the narrowness of its roads and their sharp corners ; for, just before I turned southwards, I watched with some interest two buses

trying to pass each other in opposite directions. The operation was a nice one—both vehicles might be described as belonging to the "fat" order and inches only divided them, as, snail-like, they moved past each other. Later on, our own bus, going towards Grassington, was honoured by another bus, respectfully waiting in a recess, until we had passed.

P.S.—I am glad to find that my account of Frank King, the Skipton Minstrel, afforded you so much interest. You ask me whether I observe any similarities between him and Steenie Steenson, the "Wandering Willie" of Scott's " Redgauntlet." Truly I do : Both were afflicted with blindness ; both were something more than ardent fiddlers ; each treated his instrument or instruments with no ordinary affection—note how Steenie would carefully ascertain that a man who wished to play his violin must be no novice, and how Francis addressed each of his four violins by name ; both were masters of their craft, alike ready at repartee, and expectant of due homage. You will recollect an occasion when Steenie, on entering the dance-room, was hailed with a universal shout of welcome —" Here's t'ye Willie ! "—" Whare hae ye been ye blind deevil ? " And which has its parallel in the greeting accorded to " Francis the First, King of Fiddlers," by the Yorkshire miners, on his appearance at Grassington Fair, when he was borne, shoulder high, through the crowd.

LETTER XIV.

Somewhere, I have read " Yorkshire seems full of elfs, witches, and devils : they are thick about Whitby, and other places in Yorkshire have them —especially in the North and East ; Ilkley has its fairies ; Fountains its kindly Calvert the

Cobbler; Knaresborough the most famous of witches—Mother Shipton; and Aldborough, close acquaintance with the devil and his doings."

To me, Ilkley, whether it possess fairies or not, is a town with a wonderful setting and something of a fairyland. Its river, its heights, its villas—often of picturesque shape—seen through a sunlit mist, the shimmering heat of Summer, or the bluster of a storm—make a strong appeal; and cause one to think that Turner might have done worse than make this neighbourhood the hunting-ground for those great effects of hill, sky, and atmosphere, which have gone far to immortalize his name.

Then the history of Ilkley entitles it to respect. When a town has been inhabited by Britons, Romans, Saxons, Normans, and Plantagenets, and still bears their traces, it is surely deserving of this. But, so far, these traces reveal little in the direction of musical heritage. Even the dialect song, "On Ilkla Moor baht 'at," is, I believe, a modern setting. The tune seems to belong to the late 18th or early 19th century; as to the words, I should imagine they can boast no great age, and in the form of a broadsheet they probably were fitted to the tune.

Still if one is unable to state what the Britons, the Saxons, and the Normans sang on these hillsides and by this river, there are the signs of music and poetry belonging to this neighbourhood which bear the marks of very respectable antiquity.

First of all let me tell you that from this district came the Maudes, the Hebers, and the Longfellows.

The Maudes are referred to as far back as 1340. We read that Thomas Maude in his *Verbeia*, "sang sweetly, and loved to wander about the church."

Of the Hebers there exist numerous traces, and I make special reference to this family because Bishop Reginald Heber wrote the words of certain fine hymns which brought out the genius of some of our hymn-tune writers. To his tune, "Aurelia," inspired by the words "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," Dr. S. S. Wesley owes a wider popularity than he gained by his anthems.

As to the poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, I have no hesitation is saying that, although the poet made no great pretensions to musicianship, he both revered and loved music. Here is an instance culled from hundreds of references equally beautiful:

> "And the night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

Added to this, I should have no fear in asserting that to Longfellow's verses musical composers have shewn especial favour. Had it not been for Longfellow we should never have had Sullivan's setting of "The Golden Legend," or Barnett's "Building of the Ship."

Knowing your reverence for the ancient—more especially the honourably ancient—here are a few notes about these families which have been taken from parish records:

"1659. Reginald Heyber to by close John Longfellow's boy Xs."

"Sep ult—1597—Elizabeth fil. James Longfellow, April 4."

In the neighbourhood of Ilkley Heber's Ghyll is pointed out.

What a medley of subjects one finds to exist in these records—they speak of the church, the town, the field, and such matter as ale-allowances. Then what struggles appear to have gone on

between the churchwardens and ringers! The importunities of the ringers at certain times is clearly shown by such entries as,

"That the Churchwardens shall give to the Ringers for ringing on 5th of November 4s, on the 29th May 4d, and on Christmas Day 6d, and no more."

Those last three words are eloquent!

Back in the 17th century an old clock gave a vast amount of trouble. This clock was misleading and worried the inhabitants. But a certain vicar, Mr. George Fenton, B.A., somehow persuaded this troublesome machine to keep time, whereby he reaped much glory to himself. He it was, we further learn, through whom Ilkley obtained its first organ. About this instrument I have the following important note taken from an historian who writes:

"It was made, I think, by Old Ben Whitley, 'all out of his own head'—a self-taught man who lived on the edge of the moor. Ben was a man of really fine genius, and could adapt his lissom fingers to carving in oak."

Of the curious mixtures in the way of parish entries, this, of June, 1691, is a good example:

"Payments, 1 fox 1s; wild catt head 8d; 2 more 1s 4d; 4 ffoxes 4s; ringers 8s; bell rope 4s; oyle 2d; Repairing bell frames 10s; ale 1s. 6d; Bel rope 1s; ringers, oyle and ringing 16s. Given to singers on Feast Day 7/8."

It may be difficult to believe, but it is vouched for as true, that back in the 18th century there lived in Ilkley one whom Thackeray would assuredly have described as a musical snob. The man's name was John Lofthouse. John held his artful head so high that he would have nothing to do with sectarian music. The thing for him was a fine tune from one of the masses. His neighbours, it need scarcely be said, poked much fun at him. "John," they would say, "feel at

the bump on the top of your head. That is where t' Ludge tune roosts."

Somewhere, Sir Conan Doyle has described London Board Schools as " Lighthouses ! Beacons of the Future ! " I think he put the description into the mouth of Sherlock Holmes, when the detective and his friend Dr. Watson were hurrying along in an express train. You will agree with me, I think, when I say that the musical festivals —oratorio, symphonic, and competitive—may be described as oases : oases, in those wide tracts of life and living, whence are drawn delight, fresh artistic force, and strength wherewith many a grey or dull to-morrow may be sustained. Some years ago Messrs. Novello gave me the names of nearly twenty competitive festivals, all in Yorkshire, some of them lasting three or four days during each year. This list included the Wharfedale Festivals held annually in May and about which you may like to have a short account.

Since their inception in 1907, the Wharfedale Musical Festivals have held steadily on their way. The awful War years did not stop them, although the number of entrants diminished. To read the list of adjudicators is to revise part of one's musical history during the last quarter of a century—such names as Dr. W. G. McNaught, Dr. Sinclair, Dr. Somervell, Prof. Granville Bantock, Dr. Crow, Sir Walford Davies, Geoffrey Shaw, Cecil Sharpe, Sir Richard Terry, Sir Hugh Allen and Julius Harrison proving reminders of composers, conductors, compilers, and teachers, who have the right to be classed among the leaders of England's music.

A few historic facts about these festivals are well worth noting. The earlier secretaries were Mr. A. Aitken Crawshaw, Dr. W. R. Bates, and Mr. W. A. Lindsay Crawford. In 1910, Ear Tests

were given—the first at any competitive festival. Each year the number of entries at these contests numbers over 2,000. Many who have competed at the Ilkley Festivals are now known as leading artists and include—Walter Widdop, Herbert Teale, Lilian Mann (vocalists); Kathleen Moorhouse ('cellist); Ida Bellerby (pianist); Shirla Stewart, Jessie Hinchliffe, and Jane Marcus (violinists).

In Mr. A. T. Akeroyd the movement has an indefatigable secretary and musician. Its committee—presided over by Mr. W. S. Hannam, Mus. B.—is loyal and active. And its watchword, taken from the wisdom of Ruskin, is beyond reproach:

"It is the effort that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer or duller, but whether he has done the best with the gifts he has."

In addition to the secretarial work of the Wharfedale Musical Festivals, Mr. Akeroyd has done much for Ilkley's music. In 1895 he was appointed conductor of the "Ilkley Vocal Society," and worthily upheld the traditions of the brothers Broughton. He refers to this as "33 years of very happy work." In 1908 he founded a select choir, the "Ilkley St. Cecilia Society," which achieved a high standard and won many laurels. And from 1906 to 1911 he conducted the "Wharfedale Orchestral Society," which he had valorously founded. The whole constituting a fine record of artistic labour!

In this lower part of Wharfedale, to the North of Ilkley, lie Addingham, Bolton Abbey, and Burnsall.

At Addingham, I first looked up Dan Murphy, who was described as the oldest man in the place; and from whom I should no doubt learn something.

But Dan could tell me very little about my subject. These few notes I made from what he said : " The biggest part of the brass band are now dead. Bob Whittaker and Bob Rayshaw were two of the players. John Whittam played the trombone. At Christmas time a man played up and down by himself on a fiddle. I have such a d——d bad memory I cannot tell you any more."

Next I met another old man—Mr. William Steel—and almost by chance I entered into conversation with him. Bright, intelligent, and interested, he told me quite a number of facts—that when younger he had been a warp-dresser and that at the very early age of eight, he was spinning and weaving. In music he had been particularly interested all through life. He remembered the Addingham band when Francis Stirk played the serpent, and how this serpent was once filled with beer. This Francis was a clever studious fellow who played a Double Bass which he himself had made. Christmas singing had been regularly given here, and at one time to the singular accompaniment of a bass fiddle.

Mr. Steel, during the 83 years of his life, has known many local musicians and has his own experiences to relate. He tells of Edward Cooper, a fine flute player and a bit of a player on the harmonium. This man, when his friends smiled at his clumsiness at the keyboard, was in the habit of turning on them, and saying, " If Ah can't play t'harmonium, Ah can play t'flute." And none denied him the right to thus vindicate himself. Mr. Steel, in speaking of his own doings, tells how he has played in the little chapel near by, how he has delighted in helping others to the knowledge he himself possesses, how an organist of the church was once his pupil, and how in his old age he has taken to reading seriously. All

this was told me in such a quiet, simple, unaffected manner, that to me it is a pleasure to recall our little interview.

While telling about Addingham, I must not forget to mention Mr. Keith Douglas. "A Scotchman," you will doubtless exclaim. "Maybe," I reply, but somehow Yorkshire claims him, and quite recently he was spoken of as a Yorkshireman in one of our leading county papers. Let me add that in this village he has a fine residence which possesses a spacious and well-planned music-room where soloists or a chamber orchestra may enjoy and circulate vocal and instrumental delights; and where the guests may listen in something more than ordinary comfort. Here this young musician has doubtless imagined and heard performed some of his own compositions, which, by the way, have reached Op. 37, and include such things as symphonic pieces and string quartets. Lately his "Overture to a Comedy" was an opening number at one of the Leeds Subscription Concerts.

Let me also inform you that to this young musician, many faces are turned, as to one who has in his hands no small part of Yorkshire's musical progress. He has had the advantage of culture—musical and general—at Oxford University, where he held the position of President of the Musical Club. He is conductor and founder of the West Riding Chamber Orchestra, which is achieving excellent work at various towns. He initiated the Bradford Festival of Chamber Music. And as conductor and founder of the Bradford Philharmonic Orchestra, his name has become a household word in the West Riding. Nor does his enterprise stop here: for among propagators of the works of Delius in that composer's own county, Mr. Douglas easily stands first.

Before leaving Addingham, I was told that the church tower holds a grand peal of six bells.

My visit to Bolton Abbey was on a glorious day. You have not been to Bolton, I think, but come as soon as you can, and tell me how its abbey compares with Melrose, Jedburgh, or the Priory of St. Ruth. Bolton Abbey has often been sung, but whether Scott ever penned any lines about it I am not certain. At the time I arrived, a funeral was taking place—that of a young man who was spoken of as being apparently in perfect health a week previous. As everybody hereabouts knew him, there was a large crowd assembled. The Abbey Church being open, I entered. This building, I would explain, has been built into the ancient ruin, and very neatly and unobtrusively has this been done. Soon I found my way to the organ-chamber, where two interesting tablets have been placed, each bearing an inscription. The first has these words:

To the Glory of God this Tablet
was placed by Parishioners and Friends
to commemorate the 50 years' Faithful Service of
Elizabeth Usher (née Petyt)
as Organist of this Church.
Easter 1912.

While the second reads:

This organ is placed to the Glory of God
and in memory of John Cottingham,
for many years the faithful Steward.
William, 7th Duke of Devonshire.
Blessed is that Servant whom his Lord, when he cometh,
shall find so doing.

John Laycock
Organ Builder
Cross Hills
1880

Rebuilt by Laycock and Banister
Crosshills
Keighley
July 1926

At Burnsall I interviewed a second cobbler in my journey through Wharfedale. This one bears the name of Kit Inman. He spoke as he worked,

scarcely raising his eyes from the piece of foot-wear then on his last. His answers to my questions were quick, short, and very much to the point. He would have delighted the heart of a judge anxious to save the time of the court. Jingleised, his information ran thus—Six bells in church cast by Dalton of York—1790—not been recast since —originally a peal of eight from St. Saviour's, York—the other two, treble and tenor, still at York—no record as to their removal—weak tower at Burnsall—no ringing, but chiming apparatus—once a band in church—then a barrel organ—ground 15 tunes and Hallelujah Chorus—pipes of barrel organ put into organ built by Robinson, Ilkley—No brass band in Burnsall last twenty years—Before then, B. Wiseman conductor, and Kit Inman played E flat Bass Bombardon—Hebden had a brass band before Burnsall.

My hardworking informant is really quite a superior man. I confess myself to have been astonished by the readiness, and what I believe, the accuracy of his replies to my queries. I was not surprised when Mr. Inman told me that he is a Member of the Yorkshire Association of Change Ringers ; and that he has the honour to count himself among the members of the Ancient Society of College Youths in whose venerable lists the name of Admiral Blake is to be found.

Before we parted, Mr. Inman said—" I prefer bell-ringing to any form of music. In my time I have rung peals in many different towers and have worked out mathematically the various permutations of which different sets of bells are capable." To which I was fain to say " Well done ! " and so parted from this studious cobbler.

Two musical families much spoken of in Burnsall and Hebden are the Clarks and the

Bowdins, with whom the fiddle has been the favourite instrument for generations.

Nor must I omit to tell you that my visits to Wharfedale have more than once been brightened by intercourse with people whose interest in music is very warm. In this connection I remember playing duets for piano and 'cello with Mr. J. A. Umpleby of Ilkley, and recall a delightful conversation with Mr. Horace Baines of Wetherby in which music and the pictorial art held a prominent place. The Baines family—see "Pilgrimage"—has been well known in Yorkshire for its composers, performers, and patrons of music.

I will conclude this account of Wharfedale's music by noting that Miss Olga Haley and Professor E. J. Dent both have their homes at Wetherby, and that Dr. Charles Hague, another musical professor of Cambridge University, was a native of Tadcaster. So from this, and from what you have previously read, you will, I think, agree that Wharfedale, with its clear unpolluted stream, has been, musically, in great honour.

Airedale

LETTER XV.

The Aire is perhaps the longest tributary the Ouse receives from the Pennines. It is certainly the dirtiest. The contamination of its waters begins at Keighley and becomes greater as the river descends. At Leeds and Castleford it is discoloured and poisonous ; and there serves as a strong instance of ' muck and money ' in close association.

As the Aire has its source near that of the Ribble, I decided to visit a few places in the neighbourhood of the latter river ; so let me first tell you what I discovered at Giggleswick, Settle, Bentham, Ingleton, and Clapham.

Of these places, the farthest outwards is Bentham. Here it is possible to stand with one foot in Yorkshire and at the same time plant the other in Lancashire. As is my habit in making these visits, I look inside its church—a church of which I have often heard, and which I have long been wishful to see. On this hot day it impresses me as being cool, quiet, and dignified.

I make my survey alone. The organist, Mr. Adamthwaite, had hoped to be with me to show the instrument, and let me hear it ; but business has prevented this. So perforce, I make my own observations.

Turning to the organ I soon read this rather remarkable inscription :

" To the Glory of God from Whom the beginning of all Harmony proceeded, and in Whom all Harmony shall end.

The Organ is dedicated by Walker Joy, Patron of this Church—June 26th, 1886."

I am not only struck by the original wording of the memorial, and note that it is not on a brass tablet, as is customary, but that it is carved into the wood of the organ-case ; and a fine case it is.

Then I am reminded of Mr. Walker Joy : of his enthusiasm for music and organ-building ; and how that somewhere I have a recollection of reading about this instrument ; how that it is unique in having in its construction the work of three great organ builders—Father Smith, Snetzler, and Schulze. And how enthusiastic was Mr. Adamthwaite when speaking of the peculiar and exceptional qualities of its various stops !

While in this church, I am attracted by another inscription which has also a quaint touch : this relates to the six bells in the tower and runs thus :

" The Clock and Chimes are placed in the Tower of this Church to the Glory of God and to remind Man on Earth of the Flight of Time by one who wishes for Heaven in Eternity. July 14, 1885."

I observe there is no name as to this donor ; and before I have left the neighbourhood, these bells have not only given me the reminder mentioned, but have pleased my ears by the beauty of their tone.

Near the church I find a young artizan taking a short noontide rest. He welcomes a chat, and soon I find him to be interested in music. In fact, I think he plays an instrument. He tells me that Bentham has had its bands and its band-contests ; although the playing of flutes, oboes, and clarinets is almost unheard of, there is a good deal done in the way of stringed instruments ; that in the way of choral and operatic societies there has been much activity ; and that solo-singing and piano playing are much practised. He further tells me that Mr. Gill, master of the Grammar School, is the chief conductor of the local societies mentioned.

From Bentham to Ingleton is no great way. When I arrive at the place last named, I am

reminded that the afternoon is advancing and I have not eaten since breakfast; and, seeing a pretty cottage where refreshments are to be obtained, I take the opportunity to break my fast.

I remember well this meal, and how a kindly old Yorkshirewoman looked to my wants; and the recollection steals on me of how I heard soft singing coming from another part of the house: a crooning melody, yet no particular tune; a melody sung by a mother watching over the cradle of her infant. So, I thought, folk-songs may have their birth!

The church being near, I entered it. Preparations for the Harvest Festival were going forward, and the vicar, being in the building, I took occasion to ask him one or two questions about the church, and particularly its music. After helping me as much as he could, he advised me to see Mr. Christopher Bentham, living in the village, as one who has had a much longer experience of Ingleton's musical doings than he.

So before long I was seated in the Electric Power Station requesting Mr. Bentham to tell me what he could about the music, past, present—and future if possible—of Ingleton; and, in response to which, he kindly undertook to do his best.

His information gave me the following facts, which, in their recital, were once or twice illuminated by a droll smile or humorous remark. "I remember," he began, "the time when our church had a gallery filled with singers and players of instruments. We sang from Cheetham's Psalmody; the old copy with a figured bass. A curious hymn-board hung in the church, which not only gave the numbers of the psalm and hymns but the number of the page also. We had part-singing: a family of farmers, the Waller Smiths,

being much to the fore in this. The early organ had four stops and was a chamber organ with swell pedal. The present organ was built by George Greenall, Lancaster, 1866."

I found Mr. Bentham rather severe on certain present-day aspects. He said : " It is sad to see what poor readers of music are the men and boys in choirs at the present time. In my young days sight-singing was made a special study, and I remember how we worked at Tonic Sol-fa."

He also deplored the fact that, musically, the clergy are not better educated. With such knowledge, their powers—especially in villages—would be much increased. In comparing the Curwen and Hullah methods Mr. Bentham said, " Curwen chased Hullah through Europe and beat him all the way " : this, I had to grant, was news to me.

The present state of music in this border village seems to be at a low ebb. My informant told me that Ingleton has no choral society, brass band, or orchestra. " Yet," he said, " we have plenty of musical talent, and are proud to say that John Collett, a tenor of St. Paul's, is a native of this place."

Having thus roughly appraised the state of Ingleton's music, I turned to its scenery ; which I fancied should be looking at its best on this exceptionally lovely Autumn day. The village, I may tell you, lies near Ingleborough, a mountain of characteristic shape ; and Nature has bestowed on it many advantages : a striking position, a river enclosed by rocks and woods, and caves with wonders, which, when illuminated, rival scenes in the "Arabian Nights." The houses along the valley appear to be thrown about in an irregular way, yet in a manner which goes far to completing the romantic picture.

So joyous is the sunshine as it lights the countryside, that I am irresistibly called to the open and soon find myself making my way towards Settle on foot. Clapham is the next place at which I arrive, and after such a good 'stretch,' I am glad to take an hour's rest. While here, I chat with one or two people, and from Mr. Harry Harrison, a former organist, and now the guide to the caves, I am told that the church organ is by the firm of Bryson of London ; that the instrument has a good tone ; that Clapham's best musical records belong to the past ; that its choral societies have sung such works as "Acis and Galatea" ; and that not only have certain old songs been found in these parts, but an old bell in the church has this enigmatical inscription :

"My crack is cured ;
Allowed I cry."

During my talk with Mr. Harrison he shewed me some of his musical compositions : these include a published set, entitled, "Ingleborough Series of Sacred Compositions," wherein I found features of part-writing which indicate that Clapham's former organist is no novice at this class of musical expression.

The town of Settle lies comfortably sheltered among the hills. The meaning of Settle—settled, nestled, protected—is therefore well exemplified by its situation.

While here, I made a visit to Dr. C. M. Buck, who lives close by, at Giggleswick. Perhaps you may recollect that I had an interview with him on a previous journey, and that I give a short account of it in my "Pilgrimage." There he is described as a retired medical man whose principal hobby is music. On this visit he gave me some information on subjects about which I was making special enquiry.

Although in his 80th year, his mind is vigorous and his eyes bright. We chatted at first on generalities and discussed some reasons for certain leanings so often found in the people of Yorkshire. Then we spoke of families whose love for music appears to be instinctive—with them music would out, willy nilly. These families have often produced musicians who have attained a wide reputation. Our conversation also turned on the Russian school of composers, and while it was in progress the Doctor brought out a new composition —a sonata for piano and 'cello—which he had just received direct from Russia. As we looked over its pages, we commented, I recollect, not only on the melodious leading theme, but on the fine paper and finished printing of the music.

But it was especially delightful to hear of his visits to Neddy Dick of Swaledale, of whom I gave you an account in a previous letter. He also spoke of Tommy Kendall, a singer of old-time songs, who lived at Clapham ; and while doing so he informed me that there is a song—an old one—of which he had not yet found a singer. Somewhere about here Dr. Buck still hopes to discover it !

From Dr. Buck I heard a story of remarkable industry in connection with Handel's " Messiah." At one time copies of the vocal score with organ part were difficult to obtain, although they may now be picked up for a few pence on second-hand bookstalls. It appears that a man named Nelson, of Cowling, was particularly anxious to have a full copy of the great oratorio. With him the old saying, " Where there is a will there is a way," received an apt illustration. First of all he managed to borrow an old printed copy. Then he set about to write out the music note by note, line by line, page by page. He completed the task. And in doing this, had to work under

difficulties greater than ordinary. Practically the whole of the copying was done during the long evenings after he had finished the daily round, and by candlelight. You will agree that such a heavy task, under such conditions, could be sustained only by a determination and an enthusiasm of no common order.

When told of this I was reminded of the great Bach's youthful ardour, which, I need not tell you, cost the composer the best of his eyesight for many a year, and ultimately resulted in its entire loss.

Dr. Buck also told me that he had practised 'cello playing with the son of this Yorkshire hero, and from him had learned this story about the "Messiah."

In Settle I had some opportunity of observing that the torch of music is still alight. A recent activity has been the establishment of a brass band contest, which, if it persists, should encourage blowers of cornets, etc., among these high lands. Then I must tell you of a rarity—a shop where violin strings and other musical fittings are advertised. And of course the café—with its room where formerly music was discoursed—was not forgotten. My impression, however, was that Settle, so far as any form of art is concerned, is going through a dreary period.

In the letter just received from you, you ask about village halls—are they prevalent ; and who are responsible for their erection ?

I should say they are fairly common, and that every self-respecting village has one—not necessarily a concert-room. A village may be to some extent judged by its public hall. Some largish places do not appear to have a hall of any kind ; and the use of the school or chapel is the

only resort for meetings. Then you have a tiny hamlet like Keld with not only a reading-room but also a literary institute and concert hall. Others like Ripley, Grassington, and Hampsthwaite have rooms specially suited to concert requirements. Hampsthwaite has the advantage over many a town in possessing a hall provided with an organ.

The means by which village halls are erected have been various. I believe the Government and County Councils have given some attention to the subject, but in most cases these rooms are the result of local effort, as at Grassington, or the benevolence of individual donors.

LETTER XVI.

From Malham Cove through Airton, and Gargrave, down to Skipton, I found myself in Airedale proper. Now as Skipton stands on the banks of the Aire it surely has a right to some notice in this chapter: that notice shall be in the form of what I believe to be a bit of independent research which relates to the Farrant family of musicians.

I need scarcely remind you that a Richard Farrant wrote the beautiful little anthem—"Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake." What would you say to my having done a bit of research towards proving that Farrant was descended from a Skipton family? If such could be proved something more would have been accomplished towards the establishment of Yorkshire's prestige as a musical county. It is a case, as Edie Ochiltree said, of "garring odds and evens meet," and approaching what I consider to be a reasonable conclusion. Here are the facts on which I found my deductions:—

In Beverley Minster there is a memorial tablet to Richard Ferrant, bearing the death-date of 1560, with this inscription:

> "All you that reade this wrytinge aparant
> Geve thank to God for Richard Ferrant."

Then later the verse continues—

> "Of London he was, as wyll appeare
> A fre Citizen and a Drapeere;
> Of Robert Ferrant he was the sone
> Which at Skypton in Cravenge dyd wonne."

Now the composer, Richard Farrant, lived from 1530 to 1580, and supposing Richard Ferrant, the elder, to have been born about the beginning of the 16th century, might not the composer—who bore the same Christian name—have been his son? Certainly there is a slight discrepancy in the spelling of the surname, but look also at several other words in the above quotation!

Next I find that a certain Thomas Ferrant was a draper in London at the same time as his brother Richard.

Again, about 1600, there were living two other musicians bearing this name—John Farrant, organist of Salisbury Cathedral, and John Farrant of Christ's Hospital. Cousins probably! And what I would stress is also the probability that these three musicians were of the same Craven stock. In the matter of relationship I am supported by Sir John Stainer, who writes—"Mr. Farrant of Salisbury and Richard Farrant were probably near relatives."

There, Donald, knowing your antiquarian proclivities, I think I have here found something to your taste!

I can imagine you with the map of Yorkshire spread out—your eyes and finger following the course of the long and serpentine Aire; noting too the little tributary on which Huddersfield

stands and that long tributary the Calder near the banks of which are Halifax, Castleford, and Wakefield. Let me tell you that the scenery of Airedale is exceptionally beautiful in the neighbourhood of Bingley, and that in describing this and other parts of the Aire's course, John Nicholson, one of our best Yorkshire poets, gave utterance to felicitous expressions which carry the conviction of true inspiration.

From my larger work you will have found that I have already given full consideration to the music of those manufacturing towns which are found on the banks of this river. In briefly repeating certain leading features I will tell you of new facts I discovered on my recent visits.

With Keighley the name of Carrodus is closely associated. Of J. T. Carrodus, one of England's best violinists of past days, I think you have had some fairly full details. To these you may like to have added a few notes about his descendants. The following have been given by his son Robert, who is leader of the new Covent Garden Opera Company's tour: There were eight sons, six of whom took up the musical profession. Speaking of himself, Mr. R. Carrodus says: "My father did not want me to take up music. . . . I was very fond of music, however, and stuck to it against his will, and when he saw how keen I was he did his best to help me on." I have quoted this to shew the strength of inherited tendency, on which subject you will doubtless be able to instruct me further, knowing your interest in the wide—(and may I say evasive?)—study of Psychology. Before leaving Keighley I am reminded of a young tenor singer—Norman Crabtree—who is a railway porter at the station of this town. At competitions he has been extraordinarily successful: he has carried off seven

first prizes in succession, and lately received this kindly admonition from Dr. Whittaker, during an adjudication—"Look after yourself, and watch your voice, and you are sure to become a first-class singer." What more definite and finer encouragement could possibly be given? Already this young man has begun to stride forward—he is welcomed at concerts, he has sung over the Wireless, and is looking forward to making his début in opera.

Now let me tell you more about this very musical part of Yorkshire; and I may add that this account is typical as to what was doing musically in hundreds of other Yorkshire villages some eighty or ninety years ago.

Not far from Keighley is the Worth Valley, a district abounding in musical enthusiasm and musical traditions. Through the kindness of Mr. Ellis Riley, a musician of Keighley, whose activities as a teacher and composer have extended over forty years, I have had gathered and forwarded to me the reminiscences of Mr. Seth Burwin, who, for some forty-five years, was organist at Wesleyan and Baptist churches in Oakworth and Slack Lane. This veteran's account has the following facts:—

Near the middle of the 19th century, performances of oratorios were given on every Shrove Tuesday at the Oakworth Sykes Lane Wesleyan School. The works given included "The Creation," "Messiah," "Judas," and the "Elijah." At these great meetings we had singers and players from Standbury, Oxenhope, and Keighley.

The band was an orchestra almost equal to those of the present day. The leader was that noted violinist, J. T. Carrodus, who was born at Braithwaite, near Keighley. Other performers, I remember, were Richard Hall, Joseph Hall, and

Joseph Laycock (violins) ; Heatons (violoncello) ; Cowgill (double-bass) ; Messrs. Whittaker and Hudson (flutes) ; Timothy Feather and F. Whittaker (clarinets) ; George Whalley (bassoon) ; James Bancroft (cornet) ; James Brown and William Turner (trumpets) ; Mr. Winterbottom (trombone) ; and I (Seth Burwin) filled in parts at the harmonium.

We took much care in selecting good solo singers. There were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. William Craven, Miss Mary Hannah and Ada Hall, and Nannie Burwin ; Mr. Baldwin (bass) and Tom Parker (the famous tenor from Haworth). Mr. Baldwin was a commanding singer : he stood over six feet high, and was also a 'cellist and organist.

Other singers were Ellen Hodgson and Mary Rushworth.

The alto parts were taken by men—John Smith, Pickles Wigglesworth, Moses Hartley, Charles Blagborough, and Smith Sunderland, all from Oakworth. Among the tenors we had Bracewell Sharp, William Moore, J. W. Cockshott, Robert Burwin, Robert Newton, James Scott, and Joseph Mozley. Among the basses were James Balevin, James Brown, John Crabtree, Aquila Crabtree, and Joseph Moore. Also to these may be added David Burwin, a local bass soloist and good choral singer.

Mr. William Craven was a fine secretary, and did much in making these festivals so successful.

The Hall family were among our best musicians : Joseph was a composer and wrote a new "Messiah" which was for a time very popular ; his brothers, John and Richard, made and copied out the band parts of various works, which was a great labour, but it saved expense.

Mr. Burwin, being himself an organist, has much to tell about the church music and organists of days gone by. He says that the Pitchpipe and Church Bands regularly led the music in early days. He tells how John Laycock, about 1865, set up an organ in Oakworth and that it had three manuals ; before this, the Wesleyan Chapel at this village had a "G" organ.

Among the organists of whom he speaks, he is enthusiastic about his master, George Scarborough, organist of Keighley, who also taught Mr. W. H. Summerscales. He is none the less warm in his praise of John Winterbottom, of whom he says : " Bach's organ fugues gave him no trouble, nor did any other kind of difficult organ music." Other organists he speaks of are Lambert Hudson, John Midgley, Elijah Craven, W. Midgley, and Miss Wallbank—all efficient performers. His admiration reaches a high point when speaking of R. H. Moore, organist at Ingrow and Haworth. Of him he writes : " Mr. Moore was an excellent performer who gave many recitals. In the church at Haworth is a tablet to his memory, which was well deserved."

The father of all the organists in the Worth Valley and Keighley was Hartley Marrel. His energies were extended to the formation and conducting of a brass band which had a highly successful career and ultimately became the Haworth Brass Band.

Such may be counted as the annals of a Yorkshire moorland village ; and after reading them one remains in little doubt as to the innate love of music in the people of this county, and as to why its singers are needed not only for its own festivals but at great musical events held in other parts of England. You may remember that William Jackson (Masham) at one time conducted

the Keighley Musical Union and that in his "Life" I quote this passage from the *Manchester Examiner* (written about 1860)—

> " We have left choral music mainly to the study of our neighbours, and from among the hills and dales of Yorkshire their sound has gone forth."

As I pursue my journey I take a glance at certain places where previously my footsteps have long lingered. In doing so I receive several pungent reminders—that Bradford has to its credit an important story of societies, festivals, and concerts ; of musicians bearing such names as Coates, Priestley, Jackson, Midgley, and Delius ; also that Eccleshill, in the close vicinity of Bradford, has produced a host of orchestral players in the Fawcetts, the Nortons, and one or two other families.

Then I think of Leeds with its early performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony ; the visits of Paganini and other musical stars about a century ago ; its music schools and colleges—some now long gone ; its composers—George Linley, Whewall Bowling, F. W. Hird, Samuel Liddle, F. K. Hattersley, Arthur Grimshaw, and Albert Mallinson ; its vocalists, violinists, pianists, and organists ; and those great events about which, not only Yorkshire, but England have waxed enthusiastic. All these, as you know, I have more fully described elsewhere.

While writing of Leeds I am reminded of a pleasant afternoon I spent with three veteran enthusiasts bearing the names, Messrs. George Broadbent, Edward Lancaster, and George B. Newton. How they talked of days gone by, especially about the music of Hunslet, and, Mr. Broadbent told me, how, at this place, once lived a musical wheelwright named John Hudson who furnished—to all who cared to join his

musical societies—not only a practising room, but certain accessories in the way of music from which to perform. This effort lasted forty-seven years (1833-1880). Mr. Broadbent and Mr. J. W. Owen were among the violinists ; he mentions a Mr. Benn (a 'cellist), Mr. S. Marsden (a bass singer), and tells how Mr. Hudson bequeathed his violin, on his death, to Mr. John Bowling.

Mr. Lancaster, formerly organist at Horsforth, is brother of the late Joseph Lancaster, who compiled the Leeds Tune Book, about 1868. Both he and Mr. Broadbent find in duet-playing a solace and a joy, while Mr. Newton, not himself a performer, I think, sustains the part of an excellent listener to his friends' efforts. Knowing such things as these, can we wonder that Hunslet has produced musicians like F. E. Newell, composer, T. W. Hanforth, Mus. Bac., organist Sheffield Cathedral, and Tom Parker, a brilliant violinist, whose career was unfortunately spoiled by an accident to his hand.

Of the latest doings of our Yorkshire metropolis it delights me to tell you that Edward Maude continues to spare no pains in promoting the cause of chamber music—he loves to produce a novelty, provided it is a good one, and that Albert Jowett has recently added to his many compositions, a piquant suite for piano and flute, entitled "Marionette."

A remark in your last letter, relating to unknown or unpublished compositions, provides food for thought.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

Poor Schubert probably imagined his "C major Symphony"—for which he was unable to find a publisher—was doomed to crumble away among the dust and cobwebs of his cupboard. It certainly

remained there during his lifetime ; and we know that after his death it fell to the honour of two English musicians to discover this fascinating work.

While a quantity of weak ephemeral stuff is being constantly dinned into our ears against our will, some really beautiful music is waiting to be discovered or perhaps is destined never to be heard.

In Airedale I have found more than one instance of musical promise and achievement which bear relation to this remark of yours. The other day a pupil from this part brought me a strikingly-tuneful and well-balanced composition—but only the melody. He said he could feel the harmonies but for some reason was at a loss as to how to express them. Thus was it with Wagner at a certain period ! Again, some months back I received a parcel of music from a promising composer who lives at Batley. His name is Granville Harral. The numbers which specially interested me were a string quartet and an overture for full orchestra. The former I thought especially good—both ideas and originality of treatment. I hope he will persevere and receive due recognition.

Of the promise in the compositions of William Baines, who also came from Airedale, I need not remind you.

As I have remarked, the Calder is a large and important affluent of the Aire. In its neighbourhood are some of the most brilliant spots connected with Yorkshire's musical story. Just as this stream leaves the borders of Lancashire, it is formed by the junction of two rivulets—the Cal and the Der. If the origin of every river-name were as clear as this, the study of geographical name-derivation would lose some of its terrors.

The first place of importance to be found on its banks is Todmorden, where, over a century ago, a performance of the "Messiah" was given. The bill announcing this may be seen at any time by a visit to the Parish Church. A few years ago, Mr. Roland Cunliffe, a local musician, gave performances of Grand Opera by a number of school-boys whom he had trained. The task, whether considered from a musical, dramatic, or feat of memory standpoint, was a gigantic one. As a visitor to these performances, I was surprised at the results attained ; yet could not but feel that there was evidence of strain—the efforts of lads being inadequate to realize certain requirements in the way of interpretation. Imitation can do much, but it cannot replace actual experience.

Either by road or rail, Halifax is soon reached from this town. When De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," travelled the journey by road, eight miles traversed occupied a whole day ; and he spoke of the scenery as terrifying. At Halifax late in the 18th century, Charles Dibdin, the noted composer of sea-songs, found music much cultivated, and great natural talent among the people of this district of Yorkshire. Indeed, he described it as the most musical part of the kingdom ; he found Mr. and Mrs. Joah Bates teaching the people to sing the best music ; and observed that the Halifax folk-men, women, and children—seemed saturated with the strains of Handel's "Messiah." The story of Halifax Choral Society which originated in local singing-clubs is alone sufficient to show how music has persisted at Halifax down to the present day. Near to Halifax there is a crowd of populous centres each of which has given its quota in the form of an organist, a pianist, a vocalist, or a body of

performers. Queensbury, for instance, which is only a few miles away, has the famous Black Dike Band, a fact whereby that township has attained a place of greater importance on the map.

At no great distance from Halifax is Cleckheaton—a place with a fine concert hall. From here came some of Yorkshire's best in the way of singers and performers: the Thorntons (singers), the Robinsons, the Rileys and the Haleys; Miss Kathleen Moorhouse ('cellist), Miss Hilda Atkinson (harpist); Mr. Charles Stott (solo organist).

Cleckheaton may be described as a place bubbling over with music. Think of the singers and performers—many of them filling high positions—who have come from here. Already you know many, at least, by repute. But I must tell you a tit-bit of autobiography related to me by a native of this town. The introduction of the Yorkshire dialect will help its recital.

"When I was a lad," he said, "I began to learn the French Horn, but I created such terrible noises, that my mother, who had nearly been driven off her head with my 'rawting din,' as she called it, took occasion one day, during my absence, to throw the offending instrument downstairs. When I arrived home she told me what she had done. Down into the cellar I went, but alas, when I came to the bottom, I stepped on my instrument, and crushed it beyond repair.

"Next, I bought a 'Tram' (trombone). In order to escape further bad consequences of unpractised blowing, I went to a bandsman for lessons. After three weeks' tuition, I had got on so well, that my teacher suggested my playing at the big Cleckheaton Festival. 'But,' Ah said (relapsing into broad Yorkshire), 'Ah'm noan up to t'job yet an Mister Best fra' Liverpool who

will play t'organ will be dahn on me like a thousand o'bricks.' 'Nay, nay,' said he, 'doant bother abaht that. Do what Ah do an nobody will be ony t'wiser!'

"So we agreed. Ah knew he could play owt. Ah sat next him an it acted all reight. When he blew out his cheeks Ah did t'same. Ah worked t'slides an copied all his tricks. But Ah didn't blow mony noates. People in th'all watched me with surprise, and thought what a clever chap Ah was to play at t'Festival on such short training."

On a tributary of the Calder stands Huddersfield, with an attendant group of musical villages, which rivals, in the way of native musical talent, the fame of its neighbour, Halifax. Truly this town of Huddersfield well deserves to be counted among the leading musical towns of this county. By a hurried glance at its history we are soon satisfied as to this. It has long been the home of famous choral societies; it has been the birthplace of such notable musicians as the Parratt family, Dr. A. L. Peace, and Professor E. C. Bairstow; with it we associate the names of such orchestral leaders and players as Mr. A. W. Kaye and Miss Jessie Hinchliffe; we remember that Dr. Eaglefield Hull, the founder of the British Music Society, did much of his fine work while living here; and we cannot forget what has been contributed to the cause of music by the singers of Almondbury, by the Wood family of Slaithwaite, and such an organist as Mr. J. A. Meale, who was born at Marsden, and is now organist at the Central Hall, Westminster.

Returning now to the direct course of the Calder, we find Dewsbury and Wakefield.

Dewsbury formerly had a choral society with a long and honourable record. Among its more notable directors were John Burton, George

Haddock, Mr. Dean, and Mr. George H. Hirst; and was proud of the fact that Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir Hubert Parry, and Sir Edward German came here to conduct their own works. Its Parish Church has included among its organists, John Burton and George Hirst. John Curwen, the great propagator of Tonic Sol-fa, was born not far away at Heckmondwike, with which place are also associated such notable names as Mrs. Sunderland, the Yorkshire Queen of Song, and Arthur Wood, the composer of the Yorkshire Dale Dances. Drighlington is known to be the native place of Mr. J. N. Hardy, Mus. B., organist of Wakefield Cathedral, lately resigned after some 43 years' devoted service, and of Mr. F. E. Naylor, F.R.C.O., of Morley, a fine exponent of the King of Instruments. With Horbury there are many memories of Dr. Dykes of hymn-tune fame, S. Baring-Gould the novelist and hymn-writer, and William Baines who roused the attention of musical England by the brilliancy of his compositions for the piano. And in connection with Morley, I must not forget to speak of Mr. Herbert Johnson, an excellent pianist, and of the late Mr. G. E. Baines, J.P., whose work and enthusiasm did so much to the establishment and success of the Morley Vocal Society and the Leeds Choral Union.

After all these names and statistics formerly stated perhaps, but each representing the nucleus of much fine work, I turn to consider the life and doings of a musical character at one time well known in Horbury and district. He bore the name of David Turton. He is described by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould as a man of frugal habits; his figure spare; his limbs long and lean; his eyes bright; his nose and chin as appearing to have a wish to meet each other; and he spoke broad Yorkshire.

With David music was a great joy ; and on it he spent most of his time and money. His occupation, by the way, was that of a hand-weaver. When singing or playing his 'cello he was at his happiest. He knew Handel's principal oratorios by heart, and had an acquaintance with other musical classics. The volume of chants and hymns which he compiled is not yet forgotten. Among the voices he trained so well, some came to be heard in cathedral choirs.

All this work and enthusiasm were not allowed to pass unrecognised. His loyalty to music, and his readiness to give assistance whenever it lay in his power, had gained him a host of friends. So we are not surprised that when, through an accident, he needed help, that help came readily. One of the forms it took was the raising of £70 by a concert given at Wakefield.

About David more than one good story is told. The first relates to an adventure with a bull.

One evening he was returning to his home and taking a cut through a pasture. In his hand he carried a red bag containing his 'cello. It is not surprising that a bull should have taken exception to his presence : in fact we read that the animal bellowed and rushed at him. As Mr. Baring-Gould tells this story, I will continue it in his own words : " Steady," soliloquised the musician, " I reckon that was double B nat'ral."

Again the bull bellowed.

" I am pretty sure it was B," said David, " but I'll make sure " ; and opening his bag he extracted his bass viol, set it down, and drawing his bow across the vibrating string, produced a sound full of volume and at the same pitch as the tone of the infuriated beast.

" I thowt I were reet," said David, with a grim smile. At the sound of the viol, the bull

stood still, raised his head, and glowered at the extraordinary object before him. David, having his viol out, thought it a pity to bag it without a tune, and began the violoncello part of one of Handel's choruses. It was too much for the bull; he was out-bellowed and turned tail.

The second story relates to a visit by David to Hatfield Hall, the house of Mr. Francis Maude. Mr. Maude was a great lover of music, but before asking David to play, he invited his guest to partake of tea. Here, it seems, the poor musician got into difficulties in trying to manage his cup and saucer with one hand while eating cake with the other. Telling of this afterwards, he said, "Weel! when tea was finished we got to music, and then, I promise ye I war all reet, an' a rare do we had on it."

From the earlier part of this letter, you will have noted that Halifax had music clubs where men and women practised singing, before that town boasted a choral society. I may here add that the village of Ovenden, outside Halifax, had one of the most important of these clubs. Recently, clubs, mainly for the practice and cultivation of instrumental music, have been formed under the auspices of the British Music Society. Then there is another movement, the Federation of Music Clubs, which aims at the propagation of chamber music in out-of-the-way provincial districts. These activities, with the formation of the Sargent-Courtauld scheme, discussed in a previous letter, cause one to think that the development of concerted playing should be in the ascendant.

By way of a postcriptum—You may recollect that in my previous book mention is made of a Leeds student—Miss Dorothy Milnes—gaining a scholarship at the R.C.M. Now I learn that this young lady has made such progress in singing as

to be given a leading part in the National Opera at Covent Garden during the coming season. It is pleasant to read of yet another recruit to those ranks wherein have shone John Coates, Olga Haley, and Walter Widdop.

LETTER XVII.

When a musical critic makes a confession of faith it is usually worth noting; but more especially when it comes from one so experienced and well informed as Dr. Herbert Thompson, who, I may add, has done so much in the way of guiding and encouraging the musical fortunes of Yorkshire. This morning on opening the *Yorkshire Post* these words of his attracted my attention: "I fear I shall never be regarded as a true patriot in musical matters, for my preferences are only for the best as it appeals to me from wheresoever it may come." For such a confession I venture to say the writer has no need to apologise. Robertson says, "Cultivate universality of taste." To find the best and laud the best in art, irrespective of that art's nationality, is surely both a safe and sympathetic point of view for any critic.

Here I am reminded of the creed of another critic—who is better known as a poet—Edgar Allen Poe. His articles of belief were given thus: "He (the reviewer) must have courage to blame boldly, magnanimity to eschew envy, genius to appreciate, learning to compare, an eye for beauty, an ear for music, a heart for feeling, a talent for analysis, and a solemn indifference to abuse." This is, of course, comprehensive and general, while that of our *Yorkshire Post* critic has reference to a particular phase.

Now let me go on with my story!

In my journey through Airedale, I next come to Wakefield. At this city the appearance of the

Calder always attracts me, especially during the season of flood. How its waters dash over the falls and rush under the bridge ; how they whirl round the delicate masonry of the old chantry ; and how they then pursue a more or less steady course till they join those of the Aire at Castleford !

Much of Wakefield's music is associated with the ancient church—now cathedral. Here have been some notable organists—Denby, White, Clemetshaw, and J. N. Hardy, the last-named resigning the post after a long service which began in 1887. The story of its organs has much interest. And connected, in some way or other, with this venerable pile, the names of hymn-writers and composers bearing the names of Denby, Walsham How, Sullivan and Dr. Tom Haigh are to be found.

You know, I think, that I hold the opinion that the hymn-tune " St. Anne " was written by Denby, a Yorkshireman. My arguments in support of this are to be found in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* of 1925, and in my " Musical Pilgrimage." The position I assume is, I have found, supported by a number of authorities. But what I want to tell you here is, that in making further investigations into Wakefield's history, I have come to the conclusion that it is more than likely that this Denby was Denby the Wakefield organist ; and that it was he who wrote the " Leeds " tune which goes so generally under the name " St. Anne," often attributed to Dr. William Croft. Dates help towards this proof, and also the fact that Abraham Barber, publisher, of Wakefield, licensed the tune. Both Denby and Barber appear to have lived in Wakefield about the same period.

Of Wakefield's music I have written much elsewhere ; but in a story about a certain old character—Joseph Baxendale—I have something

new to communicate. "Another enthusiast!" you say. "True," I reply, "and again that work, beloved of Yorkshire singers—'The Messiah'—comes into prominence." The story was given me by Mr. E. S. Perkin of Wakefield:

On a certain Sunday, after having taken part in a service somewhere in the Spen Valley neighbourhood, Joe, laden with his instrument, a double bass, was returning home on foot—no buses in those days—when, while passing at the top of Heckmondwike, he heard the sound of singing and playing coming from one of the houses. For a moment he stood and listened, and finding that a portion of the "Messiah" was in progress of rehearsal, the desire to join therein proved irresistible. Joe put his huge instrument on the ground and tapped at the door. The playing stopped; the door opened; and he was greeted with the words—"Nah lad, what's ta want?" Joe explained, by pointing to his double-bass and saying, "Can I come in?" "Aye, lad, cum in, do!" was the immediate answer.

The playing and singing soon began anew; and what is more, it went forward with added zest. A long evening of music followed; and it was not before the early hours of the next morning that Baxendale had shouldered his instrument and was again proceeding on his homeward journey.

My informant finished the story by remarking, "Such was the stuff some of our old fiddlers were made of; I wonder how much of this enthusiastic spirit remains?" To which I should reply that it has not quite disappeared, as some of these letters serve to show.

Now let me relate one of my own experiences in connection with this venerable city. I had

called on Mr. Thomas Leedal, a retired High Bailiff, who, I had been informed, was a musical man. I found him to be not only an enthusiast about things appertaining to music, but also a lover of pictures, especially Baxter Prints. During our chat, he brought out a sacred song in MS., a composition of his own, which he invited me to try over at the piano. This I proceeded to do. But when I had reached the end of the Introduction, I was surprised, and almost, startled, to hear the solo taken up on an English concertina, which Mr. Leedal had, unknown to myself, quietly taken from its hiding-place. To me, the result was both new and pleasing ; and I congratulated my co-performer. This song, I was further told, had been sung in public by Miss Isabel Pollard, a well-known Wakefield soprano ; and the instrument mentioned was a gift to Mr. Leedal from Mr. Lowden, a Mayor of Pontefract.

Such experiences as these, to me, eloquent in their way of the wide love of music among the people of Yorkshire, cause me to marvel, more and more, at the great variety of its manifestations.

Castleford bore the name of Legiolium during the Roman occupation of Britain. When I note this town's great age I can only surmise as to its early musical history. I think there can be little doubt that music in greater or less degree has been heard in its streets and near its river for at least twenty centuries, and it is possible that there have been bright spots in this town's musical history. But I will refrain from guessing, and tell you certain facts that came to my notice.

My first enquiry after entering Castleford was, as to where the Calder joins the Aire. A policeman told me he did not know ; and he did not suppose anyone could tell me ; perhaps at the town offices I might get the desired information. But he was

wrong. Three Castlefordians, whose descriptions tallied, told me where the junction was to be found. One added that here the river water was in an awful condition—polluted wasn't the word : it was poisonous, and here no fish could survive. What inharmonious accompaniments to the Aire, thought I ; and thus ended my first enquiry.

To a man in the street I hazarded this remark : " I have come to find out something about the music of your musical town."

" Do you call Castleford musical ? " he queried.

" Well," I responded, " I observe that the ' Messiah ' is to be given before long in Castleford, and that one of the principals belongs to this town."

" But," I added, " are you a Castleford man ? "

Hereupon, he laughed heartily and shook his head. Without more ado, and still smiling, we each then went our respective ways : he to his afternoon labour, and I to prove, if possible, the position assumed in my first question.

For some time I traversed the rather dismal streets whose sad appearance might have been due to a dismal day, and the black faces of miners, of whom hundreds were to be seen. Scarcely a shop could I find that was devoted to music pure and simple. Those containing pianos and violins had in more than one instance such mixtures as banjos, toys, ukuleles, studs, buttons, and cycle tyres.

Then I made many enquiries. One man, whose age might be between fifty and sixty, said : " I remember four choral societies in Castleford, and I was in at the death of each of them." From another source I gathered that the late Mr. Carr had been successful, some years back, in forming an orchestra of strings, wind, and reeds. This

had for a time, quite a measure of success, but when Mr. Carr's guiding influence was withdrawn the movement declined and became extinct. From such instances as these it would seem that the musical movements of Castleford appear to have "sprung up and withered away." Possibly because they have had no depth of earth.

But in a narrower circle, I found that orchestral music has received a certain intensive study. In one family, that of Mr. J. H. Briggs, a trio—piano, violin, and 'cello—has practised good music so arduously as to gain high praise from Prof. (now Sir) Granville Bantock at one of the competitions at Pontefract. The practice of stringed and wood-wind instruments has certainly a place—though I fear a restricted one—in the musical life of this town, and the names of some players I heard mentioned were Mr. Victor Churchill (violin and clarinet), Mr. James Appleyard (clarinet), Mrs. Appleyard (violin). The name of the 'cellist has escaped me. I was also told of a cinema where good chamber music was played before the performers were driven thence by the "Talkies."

Castleford's claim to being musical appears to be dependent on its past—the time when the Aire and Calder Band was in its prime. "Then," as someone told me, "the town had a band worth talking about; for it took part in a contest in Germany and won the first prize." To have beaten the most musical of all the nations on its own ground was surely a thing to exult in, but we must always remember into what disrepute German bands have brought themselves by their performances when visiting our shores.

Another very interesting fact I learned about the past history of Castleford relates to its church; where, back in the 'sixties,' one household,

consisting of the master, his family, and his apprentices, furnished no fewer than thirteen members to the choir. In such a case as this, irregular attendance at practices and services seems almost unthinkable.

To-day Castleford appears able to lay claim to a couple of musical organizations—a male voice choir and a brass band. The band was referred to by someone saying in my hearing, "Yes, we *have* a brass band!" Which appeared to infer certain limitations in this body of players.

So I was obliged to consider Castleford as one of the unmusical towns of Yorkshire, and my early conclusion as premature.

But although Castleford itself does not appear to shine in the direction of music, I found that in more than one instance places in the neighbourhood have attained some distinction. At Glass Houghton, not far away, Mr. James Robinson is doing good work: he conducts a body of players bearing the remarkable name—The Glass Houghton Coke Oven Band, whose efforts have entitled them to respect. From Stanley came Ernest Bulmer, a fine cornet player. He was snapped up by the famous Besses o' the Barn Band and was described to me as one "able to stand up and challenge the best cornettist in the country." A local trainer, Mr. Percy Holgate, is very proud to have had such a pupil. At other places, among which I may mention Ardsley and Lofthouse Gate, I found the greatest attention paid to the cultivation of the playing of brass instruments; and could Sir Thomas Beecham have seen the enthusiasm of some of my informants, he would, I think, have regretted his thoughtless gibe at the playing of brass bands.

At no great distance from Castleford is Ferrybridge, about which place I have gained a historic

fact worthy to be told. It relates, as you will see, to the first organ in Leeds Parish Church.

"1708 Mr. George Banister of Northall Grange, gave the rents of a farm of £6 per annum, clear rent, at Saltop near Ferrybridge, to take place after his death, for a salary to an organist, when an organ shall be set up in the Parish Church of Leeds, or St. John's Chapel there; meantime, given to the poor."

The first organ in Leeds Parish Church was set up in 1714.

LETTER XVIII.

You say you are not in agreement with the 'mauling'—I use your own word—to which Handel's "Messiah" has been lately subjected. Nor am I! To alter the plan of any man's matured work is truly a matter of grave responsibility.

In the case of the "Messiah," to say that this work is not suited to present-day concert purposes is an argument weak in itself, and one that savours of presumption in those who put it forward. Handel, we may be sure, considered the whole argument deeply and religiously, and knew where he wanted his climaxes. To alter these positions, by changing the places or by the omission of certain choruses, is to me, a piece—not only of impudence—but of gross vandalism.

Variation of speed, within limits, is the prerogative of every conductor and solo performer. Those limits are bounded by what may be termed decency and commonsense. Handel certainly gave no severe metronomic indications. But tradition deserves respect, and we cannot fail to remember how continuously, since the days of Handel, have performances of his masterpiece been going forward. To me, the racing through the choruses, as is the manner of some conductors, is not only

unseemly, but tends to throw the solo portions out of proportion in the matter of tempo.

I agree with you entirely that such things as dignity, vocal tone, and musical agreement with the text, that one observed in the older performances at the Albert Hall under such conductors as Bamby and Bridge, far outweighed in high results that brilliancy—which may tend to incoherency—aimed at by a school of present-day conductors.

In this letter I want to tell you about the music of a charming part of Airedale—I mean that including Bingley, Saltaire, Baildon, Calverley, and Shipley. This is the part of Airedale of which John Nicholson sang in such rapturous strains. If your Scottish poet Burns revelled in the beauties of Nithsdale, so did our Yorkshire Nicholson in those of Airedale, and though less gifted, he was perhaps equally sincere. There are one or two parallels between these men which I do not feel it presumptuous to point out. Burns loved the music of the hautboy ; so did Nicholson, and might also be counted a good performer on that instrument. And each had an unfortunate propensity—*vide* page 238 of my " Pilgrimage."

Not long ago I was fortunate to meet a member of the Grimshaw family—a family which has struck its roots deeply into the part of Yorkshire of which I am telling you. He told me much of the doings of certain of its members who were especially well known for their vocal powers, and whose voices had a marked leaning for the tenor range. These Grimshaws were not only much in demand along the Aire Valley but for many miles around ; in fact, wherever singing was going on. A notable fact is that two brothers Grimshaw were at one and the same time members of the Leeds Parish Church choir—both soloists, one a

tenor and the other a bass. At many of the Leeds Triennial Festivals the Grimshaws have been found among the chorus.

The Calverley Choral Society has held a position of prominence even among the many splendid West Riding choirs. In this locality there appears to have been any amount of vocal talent to draw upon. Besides the Grimshaws there were the Kelletts, the Hartleys, the Davidsons, and the Carliles. And among the noted soloists Tom Child, the famous Yorkshire tenor, came from Calverley, and it was he, who, it is well remembered, carried off the one hundred guinea prize at an open contest in London.

Somewhere I have read that in the training of young elephants, older animals of the same species play an important part; and it would appear from the following account that a similar method was practised in the 'breaking in' of singers in this valley of the Aire. I give the account as nearly as possible in the words told me:

"Our society was a large and noted one, and only people who could sing stood the slightest chance of becoming members. The first time my brother and myself attended a practice is as fresh to my mind as though it had been yesterday. We entered the room feeling none too comfortable, and sneaked away somewhere towards the back seats. The truth is, we felt nervous; and wondered where we should be placed. Presently along came two members of our own family who stood high among the singers. Each took one of us by the arm, marched us forward, and placing us between them, said, 'There, lads, these are your places.' Of course, we were delighted to be so encouraged, and ever afterwards felt the responsibility of 'keeping up our end.'"

Here let me tell you that the man who told me this was Thomas Grimshaw—one who, in build, voice, and directness of speech is a true son of his county. He still sings, and his voice has a true tenor quality as he quotes to you a phrase from Handel or Mendelssohn. He is so full of his musical memories that he hardly knows what to tell you first for fear of omitting something of importance. As we chatted he said, "We sent out some good musicians, too, from Shipley, Calverley, and Idle. You will remember Alfred Farrar Briggs, organist at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds. He came from Idle. When young he made quite a reputation as a pianist, conductor, accompanist, and organist. Then there were the Misses Tomlinson—both singers. Mr. Samuel Midgley, the Bradford musician, married Henrietta (soprano), and the other, Marion (contralto), now lives, I think, in Harrogate. Both these ladies were daughters of Mr. John Tomlinson, organist and conductor in Airedale." In his hearty way, Mr. Grimshaw in a fashion summed up his whole outlook by saying: "It is a grand thing to be mixed up with music; as a rule, musicians are bright and happy folk."

Mr. Grimshaw told me more, and his further information, with a few other facts about this neighbourhood, I will try to summarize:

Tom Child's son Eric became principal tenor in Bradford Cathedral. In the way of instrumental music the Swaine family have done much good work around Shipley. Henry Grimshaw, the noted Liverpool organist and deputy to W. T. Best, came from this same town. To-day Claude Grimshaw conducts the combined bands of the 15th and 16th Yorks. Battalions, and has several military compositions to his credit, including a

popular march entitled "Gavrelle," which was written out at the Front during the Great War.

And if one needs down-to-date testimony of the musicalness of this part of Airedale, here it is, as quoted from the *Yorkshire Evening News*, almost before the ink of the press has had time to dry: "You have heard some singing as fine as you will ever hear. If only I could take a few of the basses to the Midlands it would do them good to hear them—it is real singing." Thus spoke Dr. Lyon, when adjudicating at the Shipley Musical Festival of 1930.

Eskdale

LETTER XIX.

During the past few weeks I have made more than one excursion to North Yorkshire, when I visited not only the Esk valley, but that wide moorland district watered by those numerous streams from which such places as Rosedale, Farndale, and Ryedale derive their names ; and with which Pickering, Helmsley, Kirby Moorside, Scarborough, Filey, and Whitby have a near connection.

When I set out on the musical exploration of this extensive district, I was not only conscious of the distance to be traversed, but was likewise aware of the difficulty of access to some of the villages I might wish to visit ; I was also hoping that my efforts would be repaid by observing features and obtaining information of special interest relating to my study of Yorkshire's inborn musical talent. You will be glad to hear that I do not consider myself to have been disappointed. The recital of my experiences shall begin with Whitby.

Whitby—White Town—the Saxon Streone-shalh. With it one connects such matters as the raids of the Northmen, Legendary Lore, Church History, and happily a Musical Record. Here was born Cædmon—herdsman, poet, singer. Each time I go to Whitby I am drawn to walk up those shallow, well-worn steps and visit its ancient church and Abbey ; and when doing this my bump of veneration becomes more than usually excited. Arrived at the summit, I see the Cædmon Cross—beautiful in shape, finely situated, and bearing this inscription :

To the Glory of God and in
Memory of
CÆDMON
The Father of English Sacred Song
Fell asleep hard by, 680.

I ponder to think about his remarkable career, and marvel at an influence of such vitality as to be felt after nearly thirteen centuries ; and possibly I think to have found at least one reason for this on recollecting the words of the Venerable Bede : " He was one from whom no vain or trivial song came."

A few yards beyond is the Parish Church—its tower—low, broad, solid, and still firm, after centuries of battering from relentless east winds, and a thousand fierce storms. How thoroughly in keeping I find everything belonging to this ancient pile—its furniture, its surroundings, and its memories. I climb its steeple, and look at the bells. These bells, I soon discover, have quite a history and from another source comes the story that there were church bells in Whitby back in 1590. A peep at the organ loft and the choir seats reveals the fact that certain quaint characteristics have not been allowed to be swept away. Whitby old church is not ashamed of bearing its ancient marks!

A few more steps bring me to the Abbey, which, in a recent raid, happily escaped destruction by a cannon shot from a German gun. Again Cædmon comes to mind—he, who like King David was a singer, and I think how the Psalmist sang " The Lord is my Shepherd," while it became the joy and the privilege of the one-time neatherd of Whitby to raise his voice and extol his Maker in those grand strains to be found in his " Origin of Created Things." In solitude, and very near their God and to Nature, both learned a simple sincere kind of speech. And as one stands on this commanding height, the thought occurs how he " who fell asleep hard by in 680 " once gloried in the light of the sun, mused on things great and small as he gazed up at the moon and stars, and

probably learned much from the majestic rhythm of the ocean's cadence.

Of Whitby's church bells I have just spoken. But there is another Whitby bell which has a peculiar interest—a buoy-bell. During my recent stay I listened for it every day, and heard it many times. This bell is fixed out beyond the head of the pier to warn mariners from a reef of sunk rocks in its neighbourhood. Whether such a bell should be included in my musical experiences, I am not quite sure ; but of this I am certain—that its tone is sweet, and that its warning may have proved ' music to the ear ' of certain toilers in the deep during a prevalence of fog.

Of course, in a letter from this part of Yorkshire you will scarcely expect to hear much about huge choruses or large orchestral combinations ; but I think, however, you will gather something about their makings ; something of musical doings in lonely places ; and have evidences of the county's innate life in such things as the constructing and playing of instruments, and the love of singing.

There can be no doubt that hereabouts the Eskdale Tournament is the largest and most active musical movement. Its inception was due to the enterprise of the late Hon. Lucien Orde-Powlett and the Misses Yeoman ; but to begin a work is one matter, and to maintain its course of success is another. Enough be it here to say, that in keeping up a high standard, the Misses Yeoman of Sleights, the hon. secretaries, have been entirely successful : I found continual proof of this as I journeyed through this romantic dale ; their indefatigable energy and personal encouragement being often spoken about. Like myself, you will have noticed that such people as secretaries and treasurers are often allowed very scant appreciation. It is not so here in Eskdale. But I must

likewise say that these ladies may claim to do something beyond their secretarial duties—they enthuse, suggest, and discover fresh possibilities.

The various departments of these competitions serve to show what is doing : there are classes for singers, solo and choral ; classes for village church and school choirs ; and classes for male voice parties. Then there are classes for groups of instrumental players—excellent things ! Solo performers have a chance too ; and here budding pianists and violinists are especially to the fore. It is hoped the oboe, clarinet, French horn, and trumpet are sometimes heard on these occasions. I have been present at competitions—not in Eskdale—where one might suppose that such instruments have become extinct.

The groups of performers to be observed in these contests are mainly those of string players. And capital results may be heard from orchestras trained by Mr. Alfred Headlam and Miss Irene Williams. A good sporting spirit exists, and it is a pleasure to note that success is measured by progress rather than by prizes.

This, as you may know, is a great district for dancing : Country dances, Morris dances, and Sword dances being very much to the fore. Quite noted troupes have come from Ravenscar and Robin Hood's Bay, and if this persistence of certain old forms of amusement continues, we may pride ourselves that there are districts where England may claim to be " Merry England still."

Having spoken thus generally, let me now tell you of my visits to some of the villages near Whitby, and the varying success of my quest. I will begin with Robin Hood's Bay neighbourhood, which includes Fylingdale and Normanby.

At Normanby I found Mr. Thomas Dixon ; to whom I had been directed by Mr. W. G. Barker of the *Whitby Gazette* as one who would interest me. With him I had quite a long interview—not at all formal—of which I find a rough record in a diary I made at the time. These notes have the following account :

" Saturday 18th—cold, and sea rougher. When I visited the pier-head it was almost high-tide. The waves made so much noise that I had some trouble in hearing the buoy-bell. Still, its soft and rather low tone managed to come through.

" In the afternoon I went out to Normanby and, without much difficulty, found Mr. Thomas Dixon at his small farm which is pleasantly situated ' 'twixt the Heather and the Northern Sea.' I came upon him rather suddenly as he emerged from a shed ; he looked startled to see a stranger, and I found myself opening the conversation by asking, 'Are you Mr. Thomas Dixon ? ' The reply came, ' Some people call me that,' by which I judged that his neighbours consider the ' Mr.' to be superfluous. Then I told him why I had called, and within a short time we were chatting comfortably inside his workshop.

" Before long he had told me something of the organ, the piano, and the fiddles he has made—specimens of which I saw around us. But before I speak of them I would say somewhat of my impressions about the man—He is about 67 years of age, walks with a slight stoop, and bears in his face a look of one who has suffered, and borne his sufferings patiently. As you talk with him, and he becomes interested, his speech gains animation : he quickly takes up a line of thought, and has a knack of applying his remarks in a quaint shrewd way.

"He told me about his life. His occupation for many years was that of wheelwright and joiner, with always a disposition to experiment in making musical instruments. He says that when a lad he had seen and heard the fiddles made by a moorland neighbour—William Allam ; and, as one who loved music, he had been moved by a strong wish to try his hand in the same direction.

"Results of this wish are to be seen scattered about the workshop where we were chatting. Strewn about the benches and hanging on the walls are violins in various stages of manufacture. Near by lie two pieces—the back and belly of a fiddle. Mr. Dixon picks them up. 'This fellow,' he remarks, 'has given me a lot of trouble. Note' —tapping the parts alternately—'the ring in this, and the dead hollow sound of that.' Then he adds, 'Twice it has been put together, only to be taken to pieces again.' And continuing, he remarks, 'It is like a man's life—often something wanting—an addition, a remodelling, an adjustment, a cultivation of greater sympathy, something to make a more perfect blend.'

"Next we turn to the pipe organ which occupies a position at the upper end of the shed. Mr. Dixon begins by explaining that this instrument is the outcome of twenty years' thought and labour. Then to your surprise he says ; 'This organ is made of wood, tin, and brown paper ; the pipes connected with that stop have nothing but paper in their make-up ; the pipes of this stop are of wood ; and from tin, collected from various sources, these metal pipes were made.'

"My wish to try the tone of this remarkable instrument is, of course, a natural sequel. I find that the wind can be supplied either by the performer or an independent blower. First of all the stopped diapason is drawn, and I note its

smooth and pleasing quality. Then in turn the open diapason and flute are exploited, and I marvel at such results from such simple means. I am led to extemporize a short movement, after which the inventor—for such I may call him—takes down one of his violins, and suggests our playing a duet. 'This instrument,' he says, as he lovingly shews a fiddle bearing a fine polish, 'I call "John Dunn"; for the way John Dunn once played on it is a lasting memory with me.'

"Like Abou Ben Adhem, Thomas Dixon is one who loves his fellow-men. In this shed with its organ, services are held during the Summer months—the whole series is most carefully organised, and the collections are given to charitable institutions. Again let me quote Mr. Dixon: 'Many people come to spend their holidays on the moors; the holiday-camp is near by, and those who take advantage of the moorland air are among the best attendants at the services; we have notable preachers and organists of distinction among our leaders; our collections have steadily increased, and last year the sum available for distribution was over thirty pounds.'

"About this man I found something very attractive: his manner is simple, but never servile; he lives a lonely life but his energies are active, his enthusiasm keen, and as you will have noted, his sympathies are wide. I think he told me he had rarely moved from the immediate neighbourhood of Whitby. To learn what he knows he certainly has travelled but little abroad. One remark he made to me I think you will like to hear—

"'Lately people have written and said many complimentary things about me and my work; and had such things been uttered when I was younger there might have been the danger of my

becoming conceited. But somehow, they have made me wishful to deserve the praise. One day this little place will have disappeared, but I am happy in the thought that I shall have done something. And what matters it as to one's name in this world, if it is regarded as worthy of a place in the Master's Book of Life ? '

"As I bade this man Adieu, I hardly knew whether to be the more pleased with his patient work or with his thoughts—reaching out, at times, to the Infinite. There was something about him, too, which I could not help comparing, perhaps distantly, yet distinctly, with another Thomas—Thomas Carlyle."

In your last letter, you ask whether the old dances are still practised in Yorkshire beyond those given at Competitive Festivals. To this I can readily answer in the affirmative. Only last Christmas a party of Sword Dancers from Ripon travelled through a West Riding district : they performed a short play which included an exhibition of dancing. Again, at an Ilkley wedding which took place during last year, a number of old dances were included in the festivities.

LETTER XX.

In my last letter, I finished by telling how I left Thomas Dixon to his patient labours in the way of musical instrument making. I omitted to tell you, however, that he adds wood-carving, painting of pictures and verse-making—rather satirical on grasping and selfishness—to his various occupations. Since my visit to him, he has sent me one or two evidences of his lighter pastimes.

Having passed out of the lane where stands his moorland home, a pleasant walk through fields and roads—some bordered by pretty hedgerows—

brought me to Fylingdale, a place on the outskirts of Robin Hood's Bay. Very delightful it was to hear the songs of birds, the breezes in the trees, and the deep undertone of the sea. There, I must confess, that my enjoyment was not increased when a startling motor hoot came from the direction of the high road or the throttled tone of an inferior gramophone was heard coming through the open window of a cottage. Still the world must wag : passengers and goods have to be conveyed, and the cottager often prefers the infliction of jazz to something better.

As that fine piece of coast-line—whereon Robin Hood's Bay and Ravenscar are to be found—opened out before me, there came a thought of the landings of the early Northmen who brought to Yorkshire some of its weird folk-lore, its folk-songs, and much of its strong and expressive vocabulary. I thought of the sailors and warriors who once ascended these steeps singing their songs. And it came to mind what a discovery I should make, if, in some family here, I might find, perhaps jealously guarded, yet quite intact, a war-song, a love-song, or a lullaby that bore an echo across the intervening centuries. Futile thought ! I ruminated. Rather expect to find a gold mine among these hills than make such a discovery. Then the patient searches of Cecil Sharpe and Frank Kidson came to mind, with some such words as these said to me by the second of these indefatigable collectors—" Every year the chances of making new finds in the way of folk-music become more remote."

So, instead of pursuing the almost hopeless task of song-hunting, I continue my investigations into Yorkshire's musical history. First I look in at the newer church at Fylingdale. The organ, I note, is by Messrs. Ward of Middlesbrough.

I observe the orderly arrangement of the music in the choir stalls, and especially mark the fact that each chorister is provided with a bible bound in vellum. I see on the wall a brass to the memory of a choir-lady—Sallie Coulson. And at the west end of the church is a window decorated with instruments and their players to illustrate that greatest of hymns—the " Te Deum " ; it is placed to the memory of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and bears the date 1872.

The older church at Fylingdale, I visited also : it is further up the hill nearer the highway, and its position is more lonely. Pulpit, pews, organ, and gallery have all an old-fashioned look. A somewhat hurried glance through a pile of old churchwardens' accounts revealed nothing in the way of musical discovery.

Now if you would follow my direction, you must switch off from the coast, and look at places on your map that lie directly west of Whitby. Here you will find Egton and Glaisdale. Let me tell you of what I learned at these villages.

Leaving the railway station at Egton, I reached the church after a rather stiff climb. It is a newish building, and my chief recollection of it is that on the walls hangs a picture in very soft tones with an attractive subject. Better this, I thought, than to hide the light of the windows by such a quantity of stained glass as one finds in many churches—and often a bad jumble of colour too. The organ is a memorial one presented by John Foster of Coombe Park, Oxfordshire, and Egton Lodge in this Parish, A.D. 1882.

A walk through the old-fashioned village, and down a lane, brings one to a church and graveyard absolutely isolated. The building is small, quaint, and apparently old. It has one bell with an inscription which I fancy tells the minute enquirer

that it was made by Agar of Wath in 1461. Wath, as you doubtless know, is in Yorkshire, and the fact that Agar is a local man, is shewn by more than one of the gravestones in this churchyard.

Passing down the hill-side with Glaisdale in sight, I come to a stream emerging from the woods. I soon arrive at a spot that must have been a delight to landscape painters. Two bridges : one —The Beggar's Bridge—old, finely curved, and historic ; and connected with which is the story of a fearful accident in which at least a horse suffered badly, and which is commemorated by postcards to be bought in the village ; the other suited to modern requirements of traffic.

Musically, Glaisdale has quite a history ; albeit parts of it are rather misty. While here, I am directed to see Mr. Hoggard, the former village blacksmith. Having found him, I am struck with the manner in which he carries his age-burden of ninety-one years. Thick set and sturdy he is, with a retentive memory. He remembers the names of fiddlers of past days—Tommy Wood and John Woodhouse ; he speaks of William Woodward and George Hart, both players of the clarinet ; he describes the Harland family of forty years ago as being all musical ; some playing strings, and others, including one, particularly versatile, named John William, who performed on the violin, the clarinet, and the bassoon. The main cause of all this cultivation of instrumental playing was the fact, that Glaisdale Church formerly had an orchestra whose history dated far back.

Since those days the love and reverence for concerted playing had not declined in Glaisdale : the village has possessed two or three sets of players—mainly of stringed instruments ; to-day there is a string orchestra under the direction of Miss Irene Williams which has not only given

education and delight to the rising generation, but has been specially marked out through its gaining praise and honour at the hands of the adjudicators at the Eskdale Tournaments. The Misses Yeoman, I remember, made mention to me of the proficiency of this body of players.

As to the reverence above referred to, I had an example of this during my visit. A man here—Mr. Woodwark—has a clarinet which was used in one of the earlier orchestras. I offered to buy this instrument, but he would not sell it. It had been played by one of the family in past days, and was to be kept to his memory.

And here I found also a choral society, described to me as in a flourishing condition, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Jackson. Well done Glaisdale, I thought, which in spite of its apartness from the busy world has singing and playing of such vitality within its borders.

Next, I mention Loftus ; and you will find that I have taken another direction. You will see this place marked on your map as being on the coast to the north-west of Whitby, and you may know that iron is much worked in its neighbourhood.

Here my first visit was to the church, where I found a tablet thus inscribed :

A. M. D. G.
This organ, dedicated by
The Archdeacon of Cleveland
May 1902, is placed here through
the efforts of Caroline A. Cumming,
Sister of the Rector.
The Stops, Cornopean and
Bass Flute are her gift in
Memory of Howard Cook, A.R.C.O.,
late organist.
March, 1910.

Two other points I noted : firstly, that the builders of the organ were T. Hopkins, York ; and secondly, that on the organ-desk at the time of my visit were compositions by Sterndale Bennett and Richard Farrant—the first of whom was a son of Sheffield, and the second, as you know, I claim to have an association with Skipton.

Then I sought out one of the oldest men of Loftus—a Mr. Staet. He is a nonagenarian—I'm surprised with the number of clever old men in Yorkshire—and as his name shews, he is of German birth. His memory is good and he gave me the following account with fluency : Loftus has had a number of bands of the brass kind, including a body of Saxhorn players. At one time there were two bands, which were in strong opposition to each other. One of these got into a beer-barrel—which, Mr. Staet explained, meant that it used up the residue of its funds in a drinking-bout. Loftus church once had a barrel-organ, and the performer thereon was a man named John Ayres, a tailor. This organ had some nice stops which were incorporated in the one manual organ afterwards placed in the church. In its turn, a portion of this organ became a part of the present instrument. Quite a series of conversions ! Mr. Staet finished by saying he remembered a string band under Mr. John Day.

Next I was advised to see Mr. Charles Mann, with the recommendation : "He will tell you lots." So I wended my way to his cottage, and before long he was indeed telling me many things —some about music and others about himself. 'Charlie,' as he is usually called here, is quite a character : a retired miner ; well past the prime of life, and full of exuberant energy which displays itself not only in his speech, but also in his face and form. There can be no mistaking his strength

from his appearance ; and when he tells me that in his drinking, and perhaps riotous days, it took six bobbies to hold him, I am not surprised. But Charlie glories to-day in being a reformed man—a teetotaller, and a respected citizen. A long description of Charley's career written by one of his admirers was shewn me during my stay in Loftus. One part refers to his blowing powers, as these lines show :

> " Among the bandsmen oft you'll see,
> This noble man with double B ;
> He blows with all his might and main !
> You can hear him for a mile or twain."

His description of the band music of Loftus surprised me as to detail. From the following account he gave me you will see how active the Mann family have been :

" Loftus has had its noted bands. Some of the members during my lifetime were Edward Mann, conductor o' t'band and solo cornet ; Richard Herbert, E flat bass ; Richard Johnson, solo euphonium, who won t'gold medal at Barnard Castle ; John Dare, solo tenor ; John Atkinson, E flat bass ; Mr. Idy, solo baritone and who once played soprano ; John Walker, solo cornet ; Willie Walker, trombone ; Robert Mann, cornet ; Richard Mann, cornet ; John Hudson, solo tenor horn ; Tom Carter, bass baritone ; George Willis, bass ; Fred Norry, 2nd baritone ; George Gatenby, trombone ; Billy Brown, 2nd horn ; William ——, drummer."

A record about this last member is of a sad character. On one occasion he had drunk not wisely but too well. A result was that he burst his drum, had to pay for the same, and received his dismissal from the band.

My excuse for giving you so many details about the players, is, partly that they are the

outcome of this old bandsman's memory and enthusiasm. Every man mentioned comes to his mind like a picture ; he sees him with his instrument ; and the thoughts of ancient musical contests are revived. He thinks, moreover, of the time when his band rejoiced in playing Mozart's " Twelfth Mass " and Handel's " Hallelujah Chorus." I catch some of his enthusiasm, and feel that not a single detail can be spared from his narrative.

As I conclude this letter, I notice with some regret that in a day or two I must be journeying southwards. I think that of all Yorkshire towns I know, Whitby is perhaps the most satisfying—its possibilities, in many delightful ways, seem inexhaustible.

Rosedale and Farndale

LETTER XXI.

The time for my leaving Whitby—the base of my operations—came at length, and while on my way home, I managed to spend a few days in making calls and tramping the moors. Perhaps these notes from my diary will interest you :

" This morning I left Whitby by train, and alighted at Castleton ; which is almost direct west from my starting-place. Castleton stands on the edge of the North Yorkshire Moors, which moors are reached by a none too easy climb, when one is carrying a light overcoat holding the fruits of the pillage of antique shops, a handbag which has a tendency to get heavier—you wonder why—at every mile, and an umbrella.

" Although my upward journey had not been a very long one—perhaps a couple of miles—I was glad to take a rest on the dry springy heather. While doing this, I read the morning paper, and made a note therefrom about a bell-ringer ; then I prepared to resume my tramp. But on this particular day I seemed in no mood for exertion : how stiff my limbs seemed ; how awkward my impedimenta ; and what a strong wind was blowing against me ! Moreover, a man on horse-back told me that the first house I should reach was eight miles ahead.

" Willy nilly, there was no way out of it but to go forward and trust that the tired feeling would wear off ; so with my face to the wind I tramped for an hour, when I reached a stone cross by the wayside. Its name is Ralph's Cross, and was formerly, I understand, a halting-place for pilgrims. After a short rest, my forward journey was resumed in better form and spirit, and the second part of the walk proved much easier than the first. By and by, I arrived at an

inn by the roadside. Here I had anticipated at least a cup of tea ; but what was my disappointment when I found myself at the door five minutes after the 'closing' time ; and when I add that an angry-looking dog guarded the already bolted door, you will understand that I felt little inducement to stay. A passer-by, seeing my repulse, growled out—in the way of sympathy—something about the cursed laws of England."

So with feelings akin to disgust, I turned down the road indicated as leading to Rosedale. Before I had proceeded far, a figure like that of a man attracted my attention ; but the object remained so long in one position that I thought it must be an artificial figure—probably a scarecrow. Then an arm moved and the figure turned round. It was surely a man, and I made towards him. He proved to be a turf-cutter about to make his way homewards. I invited him to a cigarette, and soon we were seated on the hillside chatting together. Having thus inveigled the man into a conversation, I took the opportunity to enquire as to whether he had ever heard of a native of these parts named Willy Wedgwood, who had once been known in that neighbourhood. At the mention of this name my companion looked up with a bright expression.

" Yes," he said, " Billy was a funny chap ; I knew him well."

Then I told him that while in Whitby I had heard something of this man : how fond he was of music ; that he possessed remarkable powers of imitation ; and that I should be pleased to learn more about him. Then in manner, more or less connected, I gained the following account :—

" Bah Gum, how he used to tramp the moors —there were no part Billy did not know. He always wore at least one topcoat, and often two

or three at once. If you asked him why he wore so many clothes when the sun was shining, his reply was, ' What will keep out the cold will keep out the heat ! '

"Another thing about him was, that he always wore a hat similar to that worn by a postman or a police sergeant. The reason for this being, that he worshipped bandsmen and wished to be as near as possible like them

" Once he charged a man with begging (probably a joke !). The man said he was not a beggar, and at the same time struck Billy a severe blow. But Billy was not upset. He continued the farce by turning on the man and threatening proceedings for striking an officer of the law."

" Then," he continued, " Billy was to be seen at all the big do's for miles around. He was right gone over music, and could usually be found near the bandstand watching the players."

Other facts I gathered about this remarkable person were, that he was a trusted messenger between such places as Farndale, Rosedale, Castleton, and Whitby. For a few pence he would walk many miles and was never caught in a dishonest act. The children welcomed his approach, and delighted in his quaint ways and wonderful imitative powers. The latter were manifested by his forming his hands into peculiar attitudes and blowing into them. His manner of ' taking off ' some of the local players of instruments were described as very laughable. In his imitation of the tone of a cornet he was remarkably clever—a fact of which I had heard more than one account while in Whitby. Willy, I fear, never did what might be considered a real day's work in his life ; but he ran many an errand, and like poor David Gelatly, the fiddler in Scott's " Waverley,"

he filled a place. The poor fellow was ultimately found dead on the moors ; and his songs, recitals, and jokes were sadly missed.

Then I left my companion the turf-cutter, and made my way towards Rosedale ; which I was informed lay hidden behind a wooded hill to which he had directed my attention. Having arrived at this point in my travels, I sought out a lodging, and while breaking my fast, determined on staying here for two or three days.

A walk through this village caused me to regard it as one of the most interesting I have met with in Yorkshire. It has a bright quick-running stream about which are to be found many attractive corners, and over which have been thrown quite a number of bridges—some of stone and others of wood. The tree-sheltered walks and the old-world aspect of the place pleased me much. The ancient abbey has almost gone—only a few stones of it remain in their appointed places, and I much question whether the original building could ever have vied in appearance—or any other way—with Bolton, Byland, or Rievaulx. Before I had been long in Rosedale, I was informed that when the mines near by were closed the population declined greatly, and that the bands, for which the place had gained a considerable reputation, became things of the past.

Don't, however, suppose that music is dead in these parts. Singing occupies a decided place in the lives of the villagers : concerts are given, I found a moorland farmer scoring band parts, and a clergyman recreating himself with the playing of Bach's fugues, fuller particulars of which you shall have in this letter, and what is important, I found the Brass Band of Rosedale in a state of revival. Let me tell you of this :—

For a while back, a new enthusiasm has brought together the talent of Rosedale. Already something like twenty players are to be found practising their instruments. And greatly in earnest they are. In their ranks are to be found Messrs. F. Spenceley, A. W. Fletcher, R. Fox, some young probations bearing the name of Champion ; also W. Maidment and his brothers. Hard practice and new instruments should serve to raise their efficiency under their honorary conductor, Mr. B. G. S. Webb, of Leeds and Rosedale, a musical enthusiast to whom the resuscitation is largely due.

Hereabouts I met and conversed with quite a number of musical folk whom I was fortunate enough to find—some of them after much searching. Let me begin with a family bearing the name of Champion.

The Champions have lived in Rosedale and its neighbourhood for generations. One of them played in the band composed of wind, brass, and stringed instruments which belonged to the Rosedale Church many years back. Two of his sons—William and Jonathan—still live hereabouts, and both are very musical. As I spent some time in their homes, I am able to give details which I think will interest you, as shewing that strong instinctive talent will manifest itself in what might appear unlikely surroundings.

William Champion lives at the hamlet of Thorgill, and follows the calling of a blacksmith. Music occupies most of his spare time. He plays the cornet, the violin, and the violoncello. While we are talking he mentions that he gained more than a passing acquaintance with every member of the string family in eighteen months. But he does not jealously lock up the secrets of his acquirements within his own bosom ; for he mentions with pride—Thomas Pearson, Billy

Pearson, and Jimmy Harker, as among those he may claim as his pupils, and who have done credit to his teaching.

Besides being a performer, this man has a strong constructive leaning. Speaking of a fiddle he has made, he says: "This was made from wood taken out of one of the pits where I worked at one time; I have played it getting on for forty years." Then he adds characteristically—"She is all made of beech."

Next he tells how his ambition once led him to try his hand at making a piano, but failed. He does not despair, however, of succeeding with a pipe organ. During our chat he brings forward a case of workmen's tools, each one bearing the marks of high finish, and the whole artistically arranged. These, he tells me, he has made in his spare time—what a lot of spare time many hard-workers have!

Our talk then turns on the brass bands of of Rosedale. He says: "We have had some good bands, but now they are all gone. Among our players and conductors I remember well, were—Jimmy Tindall, Benny Wright, Tom Page, and Bob Jefferson; all good bandsmen, and good workers in the cause of music. Then we had Jack Potter, a trombonist and a comical chap—a man who would make as much fun as all t'rest o' t'band together. Poor old Jack! he was a regular drunkard and met his end by falling over Farndale bridge."

He related a curious fact about a player named Winspeare, who lives near Helmsley. This man performs on the violin, and has a remarkably quick ear and retentive memory. He gets his tunes from a gramophone, which, according to its rate of rotation, plays at a varying pitch. As he takes his part with other instrumentalists, wholly

by ear and memory, his friends who read music from the printed copy often find a difficulty in adjusting themselves to his performance. This serves to show, that although the ear and memory are fine possessions in a musician, they are not wholly to be depended on.

A further example of the musicalness of these moor folk was given, by Mr. Champion relating how a neighbouring farmer has made quite a collection of stringed instruments, and who, from time to time, makes a practice of calling in his fiddler friends from the scattered homesteads for a musical 'do.' In his "Rycroft of Withens," Halliwell Sutcliffe gives a picture of what, I imagine, might take place at one of these performances.

The other day I opened the *Harrogate Herald* and read an eloquent article on the decline of the Waits at Christmas time. I wonder whether in the hill regions about Rosedale there has been a similar falling off. While here, I was told that a band, mustering four first violins, two second violins, a 'cello, a cornet and a euphonium, was wont to discourse delightful strains during the Holy Season at the homes in Rosedale and Farndale.

In this letter I had intended to say more about the musical doings of this beautiful and interesting part of Yorkshire, but the length of this epistle, and the fact that I must write you on one or two other subjects, warn me that the Rosedale account must be "continued in my next."

You ask whether the revival of Religious Plays is at all in the ascendant in this part of Britain. My answer is, "Yes, decidedly." A few years back an old Morality play was given at Trinity Church, Boar Lane, Leeds; two years ago a Religious play was produced at Kirkstall Abbey;

and quite recently an open-air performance of "Everyman" took place in Leeds, with the front of the Town Hall forming a back-ground. The Leeds and Bradford Amateurs are largely responsible for these activities. The personification of virtues and vices lend themselves to an endless series of plays and tableaux wherein music and dancing find an important place.

You also refer to methods of accompaniment to the old dances. Is the piano anachronism still persisted in?

I believe the long-suffering piano is often made to do duty for the pipe and fiddle; but this account, taken from a newspaper report of the Wharfedale Competitions of recent date, tells of the following innovation: "Most of the accompaniments were on the piano, and there was a surprise when a team of dancers from the Langcliffe Council School, Settle, danced the 'Bonny, Bonny Broom,' while the five young men played the lilting tune on mouth-organs." The change was evidently refreshing, and received commendation from Mr. Douglas Kennedy, the adjudicator.

LETTER XXII.

My next interview was with the second of the two brothers Champion I have spoken of—Jonathan. He was not easy to find. First, there was a long car ride into Farndale over some rough roads and through some excellent scenery—the scenery amply compensating for bumpy travelling; then, at a certain point, our vehicle had to be left by the roadside while I and my guide traversed the moors in search of Mr. Champion's farmstead.

After having 'pitched' on the wrong house, and having then been rightly directed, we found Harland Farm—a lone cottage, with a cultivated

patch on the wide rolling moorland, and were fortunate in finding Mr. Champion at home. To illustrate this interview, I give you an extract from my diary :—

"At Harland Farm I met Jonathan Champion. At the moment we met, he was carrying a truss of hay or straw into a shed. Having deposited his load, he came forward to meet us—a bent figure—bent partly with toil, but more, as I learned later, through an accident—a waggon having passed over his chest in his earlier days. The face rugged, but kindly and intelligent—like that of his brother. At the mention of music and a slight explanation of my visit, his face lit up, while his tongue uttered the invitation—'Come in and sit down.'"

His first remark had something to do with the Farndale Brass Band, of which he is conductor and with which he was at that time having some little trouble about a small affair connected with its working. As might be seen at a glance, his heart was in the band's welfare and progress ; and he could not bear that there should be any difference of opinion among its members. The issue had, however, proved satisfactory, and the band had shown its loyalty by agreeing to be ruled by the wishes of their conductor.

"The present Farndale Band," he said, "has the making of a capital body of players. The trombone section is especially good. The whole band shows ability in such matters as tone-quality, intonation and the understanding of rhythm. Some of the members came quite as beginners in music and are ever ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to me for their training. Indeed," added Mr. Champion modestly, "I have never spared to give them of my best and have never

received a penny for my services. Nor do I want it ; my payment is in seeing the band go forward."

Then he surprised me by opening some pages of manuscript, fully scored for a brass band, and saying, "This has been done after my day's work, and sometimes between 10 p.m. and the hours of early morning next day." In this matter of arrangement for a full brass band Mr. Champion, though self-educated, is no novice, he having—as he says—done this sort of thing for contests.

In telling of his past work in the formation and training of brass bands this moorland conductor waxes enthusiastic. He tells how the making of the Brotton players came under his direction ; how he drilled them in the practice of scales, time, and style ; how they gradually obtained better instruments ; and how his Brotton Temperance Band captured the Shield against the best bands of North Yorkshire.

But band music does not claim all his attention : he has taken a hand, too, with the Rosedale Choral Society. Once a week through the Winter—and that season must be rigorous up here—he has walked from his home to that village and back, a distance of some ten miles. I think what this implies : a day's heavy work on his farm ; a five-mile walk ; a choral practice ; a return journey on foot of five miles. All this freely given for the love and cause of music by a man no longer young. Surely it stands out as a fine example of sturdy worth and strong enthusiasm. A sentence uttered by his wife, in my hearing, explains much—"He likes music, and there is nothing else to him, but music."

Previous to this meeting, I had received from Mr. Barker of Whitby—of whom I have spoken already—this bit of testimony : "In Jonathan

Champion you will find a man of uncommon ability in music. At practices he stands among his bandsmen, and is full of lively directions. He knows every part by heart, and hears every note played—nothing seems to escape him. If a man stumbles over a passage the playing is at once stopped, and the conductor sings or plays the offending part. The bandsman is then asked to repeat the passage, and when it has been thoroughly corrected the rehearsal proceeds." No wonder that the bands under the charge of Mr. Jonathan Champion should have been oft complimented for their technical accuracy.

As he accompanied us back to the road by a short cut, Mr. Champion spoke of his horses and his crops ; but before we parted he was again back at music, by saying, " I must tell you a story of what happened at one of the early brass band contests. A certain conductor, who had brought his players from a lonely district, surprised everyone by his homely way of starting his performers. First he waved his arms, and then shouted—" Yan, two, three ; and away ye go ! "

While in Rosedale I call on the vicar, the Rev. W. Nankivell, in order to obtain further information, if possible, about the earlier music used in his church. He courteously allowed me access to the churchwardens' accounts, etc., but these did not go far enough back to be of any material use for my purpose. But to compensate somewhat for this, I may say that Mr. William Champion, during my talk with him, had shewn me a printed set of hymn-tunes, belonging perhaps to the end of the 18th century ; these, he said, had at one time been sung in the church at Rosedale. He further told me I might have this copy if I wished ; and you may be sure I gladly

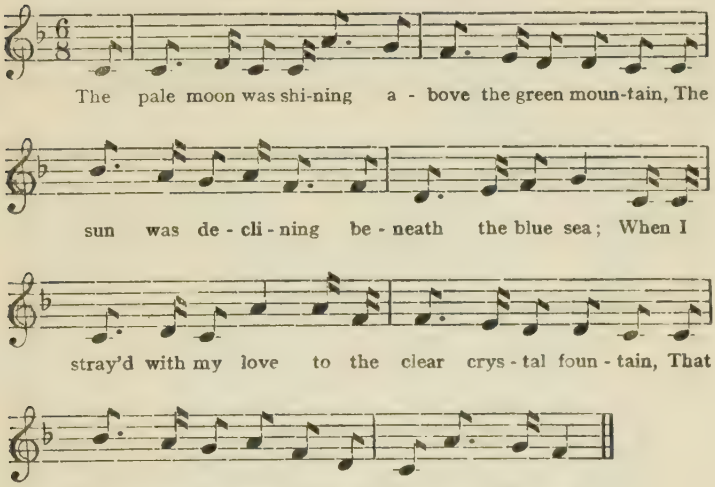
accepted it. This setting has two peculiarities: the tunes all have Yorkshire titles—" Egton," " Whitby," " Knaresborough," etc., yet not one of them bears the name of its composer.

But what interested me most in my interview with this vicar was the fact that one of his chief joys is the playing of Bach's " Forty Eight " from the vocal score. This was not mere hearsay or assertion, for, while I turned the pages, the fugues in E flat minor, G minor, and G sharp minor were played to me. Not an easy task, you will agree—especially the first and last of these classics. I wonder how many others among his clerical brethren would be equal to such an achievement! He is an excellent singer at first sight, too, as is testified by the fact that he carried off the gold medal for his ability in this particular at a Scarborough musical competition.

While visiting this isolated place I thought it possible I might be fortunate enough to find a folk-song; and to help me to this end I was recommended to see a man named Harry Mortimer, who was described as a singer with a large repertory. Accordingly I made a visit to his cottage, and finding him at home, it was not long before the object of my visit had been broached. Soon he had brought out a number of bundles of books of words and broadsheets. These I scanned —almost voraciously—but to my disappointment they appeared to be of the recent type heard in music-halls and in the streets of our large towns. As he said, none of them were ' ower old.' Then I asked him to sing what he thought to be his oldest song. The result was the following, which I noted down as he sang it from memory:

The Rose of Tralee.

(Taken down from the singing of Harry Mortimer —Rosedale, 23-5-29.)


The pale moon was shi-ning a - bove the green moun-tain, The
sun was de - cli - ning be - neath the blue sea; When I
stray'd with my love to the clear crys - tal foun - tain, That
stands in the beau - ti - ful Vale of Tra - lee.

She was bonny and fair like the Rose of the Summer,
It was not her beauty alone that won me;
It was the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of Evening their mantle was spreading,
And Mary all smiling was listening to me;
And the rays of the moon through the trees they were shedding
'Twas there that I won the Rose of Tralee.

Not very Yorkshire, this, I thought. Up to the present I have not discovered the source of this graceful melody. Probably it was learned from some of those Irish labourers who annually visit our shores at harvest-time. Harry, who possesses a baritone voice of pleasant quality, said he had heard the song often sung, and had picked it up a bit at a time. While I was with him, and making more general enquiries, he spoke of the Champions and the Hartleys as the most musical families in this neighbourhood. The latter family I regretted not to be able to visit.

In my next letter you may hope to hear something of my musical searches in the neighbourhood of Thirsk and Helmsley.

By the way, you mention two or three other matters in one of your letters which have taken lodgment in my mind, and about which I would here say something.

As to films in churches, I saw the opinion expressed, some years ago, that these things would ultimately find a home in our cathedrals and churches ; and become important adjuncts to their ritual. So far, I am pleased to say, this has not come to pass. One church in Yorkshire has, I believe, attempted something in this direction, but I fancy the church as a body will be too self-respecting to adopt their use. No religious movement has attained any permanent success by pandering. To worship in Spirit and in Truth must have a stronger and more abiding foundation than the teaching of moving pictures.

The tone of the piano I do not much care for in churches. It does not seem to fit ; and has a thin and tinkling effect. But what will you say when I tell you that a Yorkshire clergyman has given performances on the virginals in his church ? In a drawing-room such things are delightful ! In a church they seem to me ———— !

Grand Opera is likely to come to the front in England more than at any previous period. Not only are large schemes on foot, such as the Imperial League of Opera, but Amateurs, such as those of Harrogate, are also giving performances ; and this last is the strongest sign that opera is to have an innings in this country. Truly, as you say, much fine music is to be found in Grand Opera ; and I also agree that for over three centuries it has been an important influence in making musical history. But what I fear most about the adoption

of Grand Opera in this country is, that large bodies of players and singers *from abroad* will become its purveyors. And where shall we come in—will not practically all those works be sung in a foreign tongue ; shall we not have to pay the piper at a high rate ; shall we really gain musically ?

Vale of Pickering

LETTER XXIII.

In your last letter you asked my opinion of music for two pianos. My reply is, that if well written, the effect of such music, in the hands of capable players, is very pleasing ; if written badly, it may prove a mere jumble of sounds. Mozart has shown how well the requisite balance and clearness may be preserved in music of this order, while later composers, including Brahms and Arnold Bax, have done much in producing further developments. If you have not already heard Bax's recent sonata for two pianos, try and do so at your earliest opportunity. Another point worth noticing is, that the playing of two pianos is much happier work for the performers than four-handed playing on one instrument. Of course, as home-music it is an expensive luxury, for it means a room of considerable size and two instruments to be kept in perfect tune. This kind of practice and performance may, I think, become quite the fashion. If it should do so, we are assured of having composers to-day equal to meeting very high demands. Let me here add that Mr. H. Percy Richardson and Miss Kathleen Frise-Smith of Leeds recently gave a recital for two pianos, as have done also Mr. Ambler and Miss Greenwood at Halifax.

Now to the fulfilment of my promise contained in the foregoing letter.

On a bright morning, I was among the passengers who alighted on the platform of Thirsk railway station. In answer to my enquiry as to when a train would be leaving here for Helmsley, I found the service so arranged, that if I wished to travel by rail to this town, a wait of some hours at Thirsk would be necessary. So I asked a man at the station if Helmsley could be

comfortably reached by road. "Yes," he replied; "it is a delightful walk across the moors, and the distance is about fourteen miles." This sounded attractive, and as the day looked fairly promising, I determined to foot it.

Thirsk station stands about a mile from the town; so a quarter of an hour had elapsed by the time I stood in its old-world market-place. Almost the first name I met with on my way thither was that of "Huller," printed over a shop. Then, without effort, my thoughts flew to Ella—John Ella—a musician and critic born at Thirsk, who, about a century ago, made quite a name in London through his ability and enterprise. He it was who founded two series of concerts in the Metropolis. He it was who might have claimed to be the inventor of the Analytical Programme. He it was who was counted among the foremost musical lecturers of his day. And it was this native of North Yorkshire who was privileged to consider Weber and Rossini as his personal friends. He was doubtless proud, and rightly so, to trace his ancestry to the kingly Ellas. And I think it more than possible—knowing as I do certain Yorkshire proclivities concerning the addition and omission of the aspirate—that both the Ellas and the Hullers are of the same descent.

While in Thirsk, I drank a cup of coffee in a room well adorned with certificates for piano-playing—certificates of quite respectable value, but was disappointed to observe that a poor class of song appeared to hold the place of honour on the piano at the time of my visit.

As I was leaving the town, the word music printed on a poster attracted my notice. Then I read the title of a lecture, "Music Making," which had been given here recently by the Rev. J. S. Hainstock of Bilton. As I went along,

wondering how this subject had been treated, and whether it related to the harmony of everyday life, a sharp shower came on ; and there seemed a possibility of a rainy afternoon. But certain patches of heaven's purest blue, the thought of those moors, and the sight of beauteous shafts of light—drawn aslant the sky and landscape—conspired to draw me on to those solitary places where labouring men, and horses, and an occasional motor, are the only moving objects to be seen.

The first village I came to was Sutton ; a place which rests snugly under a steep hill-side. Soon I had made an enquiry which brought the conclusion that here there is but little doing musically ; for I was told that in these parts no such things as fiddles or flutes are practised and that scarcely a person in the place can play the piano.

When half way up the steep hill, known as Sutton Bank, a motor-car came along, and, as it was passing, the driver popped out his head and invited me to ride. I was not sorry to avail myself of his kind offer, and thought of my similar good fortune when ascending the heights that lead over the Buttertubs.

Arrived at the summit, the motorist said he was bound for Helmsley, and if I were going there he would gladly take me. I accepted ; and very delightful the journey proved. We moved along smoothly and without effort, and I gave myself up to the enjoyment of some of the finest moorland scenery which it has been my lot to look upon. What a character of their own these vast purple areas possess ; what long deep shadows they hold ; and how they roll on for mile after mile until the eye loses them on the misty horizon ! I became almost ecstatic in my praise of this country. " Glorious ! " I exclaimed to my kind

companion. "Never have I seen anything finer —perhaps so fine!" And I made a mental resolution to walk this road at some time in the near future, and pay this scenery the homage of something more than a hurried though lingering glance.

But scenery was not allowed to monopolize my whole attention during this pleasant ride. Curious to say, my companion, quite of his own accord, began to talk about music; and I have a recollection of his waxing eloquent in describing some choral singing at a recent musical festival at Scarborough. I think both of us found that journey all too short!

Helmsley is an old-fashioned town, blest with a wonderful situation. Near by, are the abbeys of Rievaulx and Byland; it stands at the edge of a moor commanding views difficult to surpass in the way of imposing effect; not far away are the ancient towns of Pickering and Kirby Moorside; while Coxwold, with its fine church, and Shandy Hall, once the home of Sterne, is within very approachable distance.

As I entered Helmsley, a drowsy, soothing carillon from the old church tower, greeted my ears. Soon, I met an old man who has lived over sixty years in the town, and who, shortly after our first greeting, was telling me about its music. How at one time the church had a string band composed principally of young men whom the vicar of that time—the Rev. C. N. Gray—had prevailed upon to study their instruments. "Mr. Gray," he said, "was no musician himself, but he had a great influence. He got these young men to practise separately and together, and a very welcome addition they proved to the morning service at which they played." He also spoke of one or two other aspects of the Helmsley music,

which I do not remember as holding anything of particular interest.

While I was speaking with this veteran, the strains of a Bach fugue came from the church organ. Before long I was within the building learning, among other things, that the organ is the work of the esteemed firm of Walker, London, and that it is about to be replaced by an instrument built by the noted northern firm of Harrison and Harrison, Durham.

Turning to other forms of Helmsley's musical history, I discovered that although the town has had at least two brass bands to its credit, there is no such musical body here now; also that chorally, matters appear at a low ebb. The church bells have had a chequered career. From Mr. Sunley, a churchwarden, I learned that on one occasion their tuning was placed in the hands of a German, who employed a local blacksmith to chip them in order to tune them with the tenor bell; that the result was not a musical success, and, moreover, gave certain of the bells a deformed look. The ringers, he also told me, have been very loyal and devoted to their work, and their long service has been noteworthy. As an instance of persistent devotion, he cited one ringer who, he said, would not desist from doing his part until, through his being seized with giddiness, he was forbidden to ascend the steps leading to the belfry.

My visit to Pickering afforded me much of interest. There, I was fortunate enough to meet with one of my former pupils—Mr. Harry Pickering, L.R.A.M., who, besides giving me information, introduced me to his father and a former choralist, Mr. W. Bustard, who supplemented what he told me, and thus enabled me to gain a more adequate picture of the music hereabouts. Mr. Pickering,

let me tell you, is an active teacher and choir-trainer through a wide district ; and a fact that will doubtless interest you is, that he is fond of collecting antiques, especially old pewter.

They told me much concerning a character—musical, of course ! And you know some of these old fellows—characters, I mean—may speak for a whole district of which they themselves are more or less the product. This man's name was Sherwood—Tommy Sherwood of Hutton-le-Hole. Tommy was full of enthusiasm for music, as were all his family. He sang music at sight by the Wilhelm-Hullah method, and his sense of pitch is said to have been remarkably accurate. His training of choirs—remember he lived some two or three generations back—is still spoken of ; in fact, has become almost a tradition, especially that connected with Christmas singing.

But Tommy's heart was not wholly occupied by music. His love of Nature was uncommon : of birds, squirrels, and wood life generally, his knowledge was very intimate ; he caught rabbits for sport rather than gain, and was regarded as a thorn in the side of local game-keepers ; by occupation he was a miner, but his great joy was to be in the open, gathering holly, wood-cutting, and picking nuts and berries ; none knew the habits of the red-cap and linnet better than he ; and of geology he had something more than a smattering.

His father, also named Tom Sherwood, lived at Lastingham about 1806, and was, in his way, as remarkable as his son. I heard much about him ; but the part that most impressed me was the fact that while working in the lime quarries this man studied the score of Handel's " Messiah." His method attested both his ardour and his ingenuity. It was this—he would place the

opened copy of his music at a convenient spot—presumably a stopping-place—along the track where he wheeled his barrow. As he walked to and fro he might be heard singing passages he loved; and when occasion required, he was observed to stop and refresh his memory from the score which lay open for that purpose.

While being told about Lastingham, I found that a teacher from York came regularly, at one period, to instruct the inhabitants of that historic place in the singing of oratorios.

From Mr. Charles Turner, the sexton of Pickering church, I gained the information that the organ here is by Messrs. Abbott and Smith of Leeds; that the Curfew is rung at the somewhat unusual hours of 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.; also that the morning bell is locally named "The Roaring Lion," while the more acceptable evening bell is called "The Holy Lamb."

I also learned somewhat of the Hovingham Festivals, which were probably the most extensive village festivals ever held in Yorkshire. About them, Mr. Bustard, already spoken of, gave me much information—he showed me a number of programmes, told me how, on many of these occasions he had sung in the chorus, and grew quite eloquent in describing the performances. Of these festivals you may expect a full account later.

LETTER XXIV.

In these sketches and annals of Yorkshire music—written mainly far from the crowded industrial centres—I have hinted more than once that you may have found my story overburdened with detail; and that a number of names and places have, as it were, been forced on your notice. My conscience tells me, too, that I might have

given more thought to my friend's pet subjects—old books, old prints, and old china.

But on glancing through your replies to my epistles, I gain consolation that your interest in people I have met, and places I have visited, has, in more than once instance, encouraged me to increased diligence in my searches and enquiries.

As to those dear old things—often dear in more respects than one—I have not been quite idle, as my note-books serve to testify; and when you next come to Yorkshire I promise you visits to certain towns where are shops devoted to the storing of old books, old furniture, and other ancient things, and where your soul shall be regaled and your hands made dusty in the search for hidden treasure. Further, let me tell you that I have picked up a couple of first editions in these travels; but must mitigate the statement, and I fear your interest, by saying that both are by living authors. Nay, Donald, it is into the hands of such determined and ardent collectors as you that the early editions of such men as the two "Great Johns" of the Seventeenth Century generally fall.

While thinking of the past, I would revert to a matter of which you once spoke to me—the epitaphs of musicians. With this in the back of my mind, I have jotted down a number of these found on memorials or in books, all of which refer to players, ringers, and singers of Yorkshire. Most of them are quaint, and some are marked by no mean power of expression, as you will see.

(1) Idle church—Benjamin Greaves, 1835, aged 48.

> "Here lies a bard whose humble song
> Whilst here was his Redeemer's praise;
> Now numbered with the ransomed throng,
> He strings his harp through endless days."

How often do we find particular distinction accorded to the harp in the future state!

(2) To Blind Jack Metcalfe, buried at Spofforth, aged 92. His epitaph concludes thus:

"Reader! like him, exert thy utmost talent given;
Reader! like him, adore the bounteous hand of heaven."

(3) At Bingley is to be found this account of the bell-ringing talent of Isaac Rhodes:

"Here lies an old ringer beneath the cold clay,
Who has rung many peals both serious and gay;
Bob majors and trebles with ease he could bang,
Till death called a bob, which brought the last clang."

(4) The next, from Rothwell, to the memory of Thomas Flockton, sexton, 1783, aged 84, presents a simple and beautiful picture:

"Here lies within the porch so calm
Old Thomas, pray, sound his knell.
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell."

(5) In York Minster are to be found epitaphs to three early organists—John Kirby, John Thorne, and John Wyrnal. The first, translated from the Latin, runs thus:

"Here lies the ashes of Kirby, an excellent character and incomparable organist. He sung extraordinary songs to charming tunes. He was the boast, glory and honour of this church. Great were his Probity, Wisdom, and Virtue, and his Understanding, Morality, and Genius, remarkable."

The second shows powers of wider range:

"Here lyeth Thorne, Musitian, most perfitt in Art,
In Logicks Lore who did excell, all Vice who set apart,
Whose Lief and Conversation did all Men's Love allure.
And now doth reign above the Skies in Joys most firm and pure:
Who died Dec. 7, 1573."

Wyrnal, too, was proficient beyond the bounds of music. Of him, translated from the Latin, we read:

"Here lyes John Wyrnal so well skilled in the Arts of Music and Speech, that he made even the Organs speak" (before 1640).

Now I will revert to my journey and tell you something about the music of Kirby Moorside. I will begin with a quotation :

" To-day there is too much clattering about in motor-cars ! " Such was the pungent criticism uttered by a man in Kirby Moorside, who bewailed the decline of reading and music—the practice of instrumental music in particular. From another I heard, " The old love for the study of music is almost gone." Then I chatted with two of the older enthusiasts of the town—Mr. Harry King and Mr. Arthur Wood, who gave a glowing account of the musical doings here in earlier days. They spoke of an orchestra, a reed band, a string band, and the Kirby musical festivals. Here are a few details of what they told me—

Not very long ago Kirby had a small orchestra of which any town of its size might have reason to be proud. Among its players were John Harker, Tom Potter, and S. Saul (violins) ; Frank Rickaby ('cello) ; Arthur Wood (contra bass) ; Harry King (flute) ; George Yoward (harp) ; Joseph King (cornet) ; and Mr. Lumley (clarinet). The last-named—by profession a dentist—also acted as conductor. " We played for our own pleasure and improvement, and occasionally gave concerts," said one of my informants ; and added—" For more important events, which took the form of festivals, we were supplemented by extra players who came from Ampleforth College, York, and Malton. This was quite forty-four years ago, and we gave our big do's in the Kirby Tolbooth, now known as the Memorial Hall. On these occasions Dr. Nesbit of Helmsley often conducted."

The string band really formed part of the orchestra just spoken of ; and as to the reed band, it appears to have existed before either of the other two bodies. Here again Mr. Lumley was

spoken of as the leading spirit. Asked how the players learned their instruments, the answer came, "We taught ourselves, and taught each other." I also discovered that a William King who played the clarinet was something of a martinet; for before his younger brothers were allowed their games, a certain amount of instrumental practice had to be done by them.

While speaking of the bygone music of Kirby Moorside, I am reminded that I once read of an organ as having been placed in its church by an amateur builder named Gray and whose work was highly spoken of. This man lived at Pickering, and, considering his limited opportunities, was regarded as a genius with remarkable constructive powers.

As to Kirby Moorside's music of the present time, I think it may be summed up, roughly, as follows—The old concerted music is no longer followed, and the performance of symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven are among the things relegated to the past. Solo instruments are studied: these include the violin, of which a blind boy named Alfred Medd bids fair to become a good exponent. The art of fiddle-making has not yet died out, as an instrument recently made from a pear tree by Mr. Arthur Wood suffices to show. I heard this instrument played, and thought the tone to be very pleasing. Among the musical people of the town the name of Frank still persists, and in mentioning this I am reminded of a bell-ringer of the same name whose fifty-six years' faithful service is placed on record within the church.

Before closing this letter I would refer to your question as to whether I intend to publish these accounts. You honour me by saying that they deserve to be widely known; and I need not say,

that knowing you as I do, it would be foolish on my part to hesitate in giving your suggestion something beyond mere consideration. That you think the material and evidence I have gathered so far to prove that Yorkshire is musical through and through gives me, as one of the county, much pleasure ; and I especially like to read that part of your letter which says—" I have concluded that the people of Yorkshire—if deprived of all their musical instruments and unable to buy more—would immediately set about making such for themselves, so strong would be their instinctive prompting towards musical expression."

The Hovingham Festivals

LETTER XXV.

In the two following letters, of which this is one, I intend to tell you about the musical work of the late Canon Hudson, from which you shall learn about the noted Festivals given over a period of twenty years at the village of Hovingham in the Vale of Pickering. These accounts are compiled from documents written by the Canon shortly before his death, and kindly copied and sent for my use by his daughter, Mrs. Pemberton.

Let me continue my narrative from where it broke off in the previous letter, by saying that from Kirby Moorside I took train to Gilling. This last-named place has at least two points of interest : in its tower there are three bells, one of which is cracked, and Canon Hudson was rector here for many years.

My walk on this pleasant Autumn evening first brought me to Cawton, and eventually, after well-nigh missing my way while crossing some fields under the rather uncertain light of a rising moon, I found myself in the village of Hovingham.

At Hovingham I spent a happy time, and, during my stay, was impressed with the kind homely bearing of the people in this village. I made no musical discovery of importance, but soon I found that much pains appears to be taken in the church music ; that the church is very old, and its tower is Saxon ; and that those years of the Musical Festivals—more about these to follow—have an historic place in the memory of the Hovingham people. You will, perhaps, know that Sir William Worsley, Bart., lives at the hall, and you will surely remember the name of his son, Captain Worsley, who so successfully captained the Yorkshire county cricketers during 1928-1929. Speaking of the Festivals, I may say they were

regarded as of such importance, that when my "Pilgrimage" came out, more than one press critic regretted fuller detail had not been given them in that work. So you will see, should these records be published, I may regard that omission to have been redeemed. The following information, from Mrs. Pemberton of Trumpington Hall, Cambridge, will serve to introduce the work of Canon Hudson.

Thomas Percy Hudson : son of William Hudson of York ; born at York, 1832, Dec. 16th (Here Mrs. Pemberton notes that Beethoven's natal day was Dec. 16th) ; died Jan. 31st, 1921 ; educated at St. Peter's School, York, from the age of 6 to 18 ; at Trinity College (Scholar, Fellow and Tutor), Cambridge, 1851-1870 ; appointed Rector of Gilling East, Yorks., 1870 ; married, 1870, Patience F. S. Campbell, daughter of F. M. S. Pemberton ; became Canon of York, 1879 ; Prebendary of Bilton ; founder and originator of the Hovingham Festivals ; left Gilling, 1901, for Trumpington Hall, Cambridge ; changed name by Royal License to Pemberton, 1900 ; violoncello player and conductor. His son, Captain Francis P. C. Pemberton, 2nd Life Guards, married Sir William Worsley's eldest daughter, Winifred, 1912, and was killed in action, Oct. 19th, 1914.

Next I give Canon Hudson's notes :

THE "RIDING SCHOOL" AT HOVINGHAM HALL.

This building, which is probably unique as an entrance to a country house, was what made the holding of these Festivals possible.

Its dimensions are, approximately—Length, 96 feet ; breadth, 35 feet.

It has windows in the upper part of the wall and also ample means of entrance and exit. In Sir Thomas Worsley's account book of 1760 there is an entry—"the horses sold between 1760 and

1775 will have paid the extra charge for the Riding House." It appears to have cost £949.

It was probably built at the same time as the rest of the house, because there is an early plan of the building which indicates the Riding School.

Of course, it was owing entirely to the kindness of the Worsley family in granting us the use of the Riding School that the Festivals were made possible. The inconvenience and the upset of the household arrangements must have been very great. Our first debt of gratitude is therefore due to them for so ungrudgingly granting us this privilege and for the unfailing readiness with which all our wishes and requirements were responded to.

The Hovingham Festivals.

It may be of some interest to those who come after me to have placed on record some of the circumstances that led to the foundation of the Hovingham Festivals which were carried on with success for nearly twenty years. In the Autumn of 1886 I attended a Harvest Thanksgiving Service at Hovingham, after which the performance of some part of "The Messiah" was given in the Riding School upon an improvised platform of benches, tables, etc. The only accompaniment was that of the pianoforte. The conductor was Dr. Watt, the then resident medical man at Hovingham.

It could not be expected under these conditions that the result, judged from a musical point of view, could be other than very faulty, however worthy of commendation as a village effort. I remember that the selection ended with "Worthy is the Lamb," the "Amen" chorus being judged too difficult to be tackled. I noted, however, that there were some good voices, especially among the

ladies, and that evidently not a few of the singers had musical feeling and knowledge.

I suggested therefore to the vicar—Mr. Thorpe —that it would be possible to get up a performance of the whole "Messiah" with something like adequate accompaniment. He seemed to think this was beyond possibility, but I said I felt sure it could be done and offered to undertake the task. Without going into further particulars, many of which I have forgotten, the result was a very creditable performance on Jan. 5th, 1887.

In bringing this about, I cannot speak with too great gratitude of the generous assistance, pecuniary and otherwise, given to me by my old college friend at Trinity, Mr. John Rutson of Newby Wiske and the neighbouring village of Nunnington, who not only on this occasion, but for many years afterwards, was a staunch supporter of our efforts both with most liberal gifts of money and by the continual interest he took in the festivals. Without his liberal and lavish help the undertaking could never have been carried on or brought to the pitch of excellence which it gradually more and more assumed.

This early performance of the "Messiah" was, as will be seen, the germ of the Hovingham Festivals. I am sorry that no programme of it seems to be extant ; but the following particulars are worthy of mention—

The band consisted of about sixteen strings, obtained principally from the West Riding. My friend Dr. Naylor, organist of York Minster, filled in the wind parts with great skill upon a harmonium ; and a trumpet player was engaged for "The Trumpet shall sound." The soloists were Miss Manisty (soprano), Miss Mary Morgan (contralto), and Messrs. Acott, McCall, and

Charlesworth—members of the York Cathedral choir.

The lady soloists were excellent; and of course the gentlemen from the Minster above-mentioned were thoroughly at home in music so familiar to them. The result was a great success and was indeed so promising, that I conceived the idea of embarking on the "Elijah"—of course, on a larger scale and with a complete orchestra. The vicar was again sceptical as to the possibility of this; but I maintained that it was feasible, as the event afterwards proved. Then one night, shortly afterwards, when lying awake, the project entered my mind of adding the "Messiah" (already known) and also an afternoon miscellaneous performance, and thus turning the undertaking into a Festival.

How this was carried out the programmes of the thirteen Festivals show for themselves.

As time went on the performances became more ambitious and of more complete proportions, until I may say, perhaps without undue egotism, they were worthy of the many great works which, as may be seen, were given from time to time. In speaking of all this I again feel prompted to record our deep gratitude to Mr. Rutson. My acknowledgments, however, are not only due to him, but to numberless others whose kindness and enthusiasm are never to be forgotten.

The programmes will show how many eminent professional friends took part in our performances, lending their aid, as they so frequently did, on most favourable terms, entering into the whole spirit of the undertaking with the utmost goodwill and realizing that our object was not a commercial one, but it had for its aim the advancement of the taste for, and interest in really good music.

It is a pleasure to look back and remember how much they all seemed to enjoy the 'outing,' the walks in the grounds and woods when time allowed, and all the surroundings of this truly rural Festival.

The strictly musical direction of the enterprise was left entirely in my hands; and I have always felt that in regard to this department—if it had been necessary for me to consult a committee on every detail, success would have been impossible.

For the business part of the arrangements, I had the valuable co-operation of willing and efficient secretaries—the Rev. R. Thorpe, Mr. Horton, and Mrs. Fraser of Ganthorpe, in succession; of Mr. Hornsby of Hovingham as quarter-master, and, not least of all advantages, I had the unfailing keen interest and goodwill of Sir William C. Worsley, and then of the present Sir William H. A. Worsley, his successor. They not only placed our concert room (the Riding School) at our disposal for at least a week of preparation, but they filled their house on the occasion of the Festivals with guests—both private friends and artists, for whom it was necessary to find accommodation. They exercised, moreover, most liberal hospitality in providing refreshments during the intervals of the performances. It will be seen how many distinguished musicians took part in our performances from time to time. It would be invidious to single out individuals for special notice. I cannot, however, refrain from emphasising the distinction bestowed upon the Festivals by the participation—on three occasions—of Dr. Joachim.

I should like it to be known that it was out of pure friendship that he offered his inestimable services, entirely unsolicited. For one Festival he took the journey from Berlin expressly for the

purpose of helping us. This he always did in most liberal fashion by playing at each of the concerts which was not devoted to some single work. His inimitable performance of the Beethoven concertos on two occasions, I can never forget; the conducting of it both times, forms one of the happiest and most precious memories of my musical experience.

It is also an interesting fact to record, that at our ninth Festival, Miss Agnes Nicholls, out of her hearty goodwill and enthusiasm, volunteered to sing in the chorus, among whom she had several friends. This she did apparently with much enjoyment, and it is indeed an instance of self-effacement on the part of a great artist—both admirable in itself and flattering to the character of our performances.

As to the chorus itself, and the way it was made up—the ladies were principally from our own district. Tenors and basses, it was, with very few exceptions, impossible to obtain locally. These were supplied by some friends from York, with three or four members of the York Cathedral choir, to which was added a considerable contingent from Leeds, organised chiefly by my friend Mr. Embleton, to whom we could not be sufficiently grateful for all the trouble he took in this connection.

For the local singers I used to hold continual practices, which I conducted even when very few were able to be present. These took place at Hovingham in the school-room and occasionally, in later years, in the beautiful ball-room of the Hall. There were also, as opportunity offered, sectional practices at York and at Malton, at which last place I was loyally supported by the Misses Wright and others. Our efficient and kind accompanist was generally Miss Helen Isherwood

(now Mrs. Harland), whose generous services cannot be too highly estimated.

Through the kind offices of Mr. Embleton the Leeds contingent—a few weeks before the Festival—went through the music occasionally under the direction of Mr. Benton, the organist of Leeds Parish Church, in the church parish-room. Afterwards, as the Festival drew near, I, myself, visited Leeds and held practices; in these, I should mention, generally three or four ladies took part.

The result of all these various practices was, that before the final rehearsals with the orchestra—which could only be held on the actual days of the performances—I felt confident that the chorus, as a whole, could be absolutely relied upon. It would otherwise have been quite impossible to get the good results we obtained with only one final general rehearsal.

It was indeed sometimes not possible to go through the whole programme; and, as an instance, I may mention that we gave the "Elijah" quite satisfactorily without any rehearsal at all. This I could venture to do, knowing that I had principal soloists, band and chorus, who were thoroughly to be relied upon.

The structure of the orchestra was planned and directed under my direction in the first instance by Mr. Granville Randolph, then resident at Hovingham. We kept all the principal beams and beavers from time to time duly numbered, so that they could be placed in proper position again as each Festival came round. We were able—with a little careful packing—to accommodate a band of from 45 to 50 and a chorus of from 80 to 90 (25 to 28 sop., 20 altos, 18 tenors, 20 basses, more or less), among whom I may say there were very few who were not efficient. I may say that the places, at all events of the local singers, were

carefully allotted: for instance, a lady with a good voice who perhaps was not so certain of herself being placed next to or between two who were probably better musicians with less powerful voices.

These numbers were amply sufficient for the size of the concert room in which we managed to seat an audience of from 400 to 500 persons.

The following choral works were specially written for us:

1. The Weird Lady—choral ballad by Ed. W. Naylor.
2. The Rock Buoy Bell—choral ballad, words by Mrs. Phillips, music by Alan Gray.
3. The Battle of the Baltic — choral ballad by Miss Alexandra Thompson, daughter of the Archbp. of York.
4. An Elegy for contralto solo and chorus—words by Robert Bridges, music by Arthur Somervell.
5. The Song of the Tempest—from Scott's "Pirate," music by Dr. Charles Wood.

After the twelfth Festival in 1903, owing to my illness, and also to the distance of my then home at Trumpington, to which we had moved in 1901, it was—to my great regret—found necessary for me to give up the conductorship and management of the Festival.

Mr. T. Tertius Noble, the brilliant organist of York Minster, kindly consented to take over the arrangement of the musical affairs, and accordingly, in 1906, a successful Festival took place which he conducted—with the exception of certain items which I undertook (see programme for 1906), as I did not wish wholly to sever my connection with an organisation which had afforded me so much pleasure.

For one reason or another this, the 13th, proved to be the last. I may mention that after the 12th Festival, I was able to hand over to my

successors a balance of some £90, as to which, however, it is only right to say such a favourable result would not have been possible but for the kind liberality in previous years of Mr. John Rutson and Dr. Joachim's generous gratuitous services.

I cannot close this brief account without giving expression to the feeling of extreme satisfaction which the retrospect will always afford me : not only in regard to the excellence of the performances —increasing as it did from earlier and humbler beginnings—but also of the complete harmony which practically prevailed among all concerned. There was never any friction or real unpleasantness ; which, alas, cannot be said of all musical undertakings.

In this connection, I should like to place on record my personal appreciation of the kindness I invariably received from everyone during those nearly twenty years—from chorus, orchestra, secretaries, and helpers in all capacities.

I think I may say that the Hovingham Festival did much to improve the taste for good music throughout the district. I mention, with great gratitude, the following valued and valuable tokens of goodwill presented to me at various times by members of the chorus and other friends interested in the festivals :—

1. Ivory and Silver conducting Baton.
2. Antique Silver Flagon with Lid.
3. Silver pint Mug—made expressly after the pattern of one forming part of the plate belonging to Gilling Rectory.
4. Signet Ring.
5. My Portrait—Painted by Wm. Llewellyn.

P.S.—As this is a convenient stopping-place, and terminates what may be regarded as the general

account of the Hovingham Festivals, I venture to say that it only rests with strong brave spirits to carry out such projects as these and under such peculiar conditions. On reading this account one is almost impelled to say, "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth." And perhaps to add a remark as to the energy and unremitting zeal required to keep it burning.

In my next I hope to give Canon Hudson's additional notes and programmes of these Festivals.

LETTER XXVI.

Canon Hudson's account of the Hovingham Festivals has these additional notes:

The following verses were written by Sir Bernard Pares, Professor of Russian in London University. He was staying at Gilling Castle in the early days of the Festivals.

1. There was a great musician, who
   In Gilling here did dwell,
   And Canon Hudson was his name,
   As any one could tell:
   Of all the many instruments—
   Great, middle-sized or tall—
   This wonderful musician could
   With ease conduct them all.

Chorus—The big drum, the little drum, the fiddle, flute, and piccolo,
Piano, harp, harmonium, and many more beside
The French horn, the Saxhorn, violin and double bass,
Bones, banjo, tambourine, bassoon and ophicleide.

2. There was a noble Baronet*
   Who lived near Gilling too:
   Said he, "You'll want a Concert-room.
   I'll tell you what I'll do:
   I've got a handy Riding School
   That's close beside the Hall,
   Then bring your apparatus here,
   We'll find you room for all."

Chorus—For the big drum, etc., etc.

* Sir W. C. Worsley, Hovingham Hall.

3. There was another gentleman*
Whom I've not yet brought in,
He opened out his purse-strings wide
And found us half the—tin:
He got some first-class singers down
The Audience to enthrall,
In fact 'twas due to him that they
Could pay the bill for all.

Chorus—For the big drum, etc., etc.

4. Now all you worthy Cawton† gentlefolk
Remember what you've got,
A really first-class Festival,
And all upon the spot.
And praise the great triumvirate
Who nobly start the ball,
For 'tis to them you owe it that
You ever hear at all—

Chorus—The big drum, etc., etc.

Notes on the Third Festival—1890.

I have never known such emotion produced upon an audience as by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies' singing of Gounod's "There is a Green Hill far away." Many were in tears.

Miss Alexandra Thomson, who wrote for us the "Battle of the Baltic," was the daughter of the Archbishop of York. She married Mr. John Studholme, went out to New Zealand, and died there at Coldstream Hinds, Oct. 15th, 1907. An excellent musician, an accomplished woman, and a charming personality.

Notes on the Fifth Musical Festival—1893.

Before the performances and immediately after the National Anthem, Spohr's "Blest are the Departed" was sung in memory of Lady Worsley (Harriet Philadelphia), who was indeed greatly regretted by all who knew her.

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* John Rutson, Newby Wiske and Nunnington.
† Cawton is a small township forming part of Gilling Parish.

NOTES ON THE SIXTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL—1894.

It is noteworthy that Miss Esther Palliser was absent from the rehearsal of the difficult "Spectre's Bride." We rehearsed it, however, without her, A. Black and I humming her part between us. All luckily went quite well at the performance.

NOTES ON THE EIGHTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL—1898.

This Festival is memorable for the inclusion in it of June 28th—Dr. Joachim's 67th birthday.

On this evening at supper at the rectory, Joachim occupied a chair decorated with flowers. Birthday cake surrounded by 67 lighted candles. Harford sang with fine voice, "For he's a jolly good fellow." At the concert I made the speech, presenting Joachim with a silver bowl and a silver "loving cup."

Robt. von Mendelssohn stayed with us and played the v'cello in the orchestra. We also entertained Kruse, Vivian, F. Harford, A. Bent, S. Blagrove, W. Richardson, Wm. Sutton, E. W. Davies (oboe), A. Borsdorff, de Brisay, Jordan, Lempfert, Orpen Bower, Miss C. A. Bigge, Maggie Royds, Isobel Manisty.

A Yorkshire yokel's criticism of Joachim's playing: "I like that there Jehoiachin. He doesn't just scrat about an inch or two, but gives 'em t'ole length o' t'stick."

NOTES ON THE NINTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL—1899.

Herr Johann Kruse was seized with influenza just before the Festival. Miss Norah Clench was telegraphed for, and, luckily, was able to come.

For the Spohr Violin Concerto that of Mendelssohn was substituted. Also for the Notturno of Joachim—Beethoven's "Romance in G."

"Ethiopia Saluting the Colours."

This celebrated song was originally written with pianoforte accompaniment, but was afterwards scored by the composer and was sung by Mr. Plunket Green with orchestra for the first time. It was at this Festival that Miss Agnes Nicholls sang as a volunteer in the chorus. Stanford conducted his "Te Deum." Miss Eleanor Jones later became Mrs. Eli Hudson, wife of the distinguished flautist. The performance of the "Flying Dutchman" (omitting Act I) was a great success, and Andrew Black excellent in his part.

NOTES ON THE TENTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL—1900.

Bach's Concerto for Violin, Flute, Oboe, and Trumpet.

This was so much appreciated by the audience, that by strongly expressed request, and through the kindness of Dr. Joachim and the other soloists, it was repeated the next day. It was believed to be the first performance of this work in England, although there were rumours of its having perhaps been done some years before at the Crystal Palace. I had heard it at the Brahms Festival at Meiningen the previous year (T.P.P.).

Mem: On Sep. 15th, 16th, 17th, we played in private at the Rectory, Miss Caroline A. Bigge at the pianoforte:

Horn Trio—Brahms; P.F. Quartet and Quintette—Schumann; Trio—Sterndale Bennett; Double Concerto (violin) — Bach (Mrs. Liddell and Joachim)—Violin Concerto in A major—Mozart Violin Concerto in D major—Mozart (Joachim); Harold Joachim played 2nd violin; ? as to who played viola.

All the above with Joachim.

I think we also played Beethoven's "Quartet in C minor" on the 16th Sept. The Dean of Christ Church (Paget), afterwards Bishop of Oxford, came over with his sister, Miss Mary Paget, from Helmsley, where they were staying, and listened to our music with Joachim.

Andrew Black was exceptionally good in the "Walpurgis Nacht." If I recollect rightly, Brahm's "Song of Destiny," which had been given at the previous Festival, was repeated *by desire.*

NOTES ON THE TWELFTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL—1903.

Wesley's Anthem—"The Wilderness." I remembered having heard this done with orchestra at a Birmingham Festival in 185? for which the composer had specially orchestrated it and when he himself conducted it. Through the kind offices of his son, I was able, with some difficulty, to get the band parts. The performance which we gave, with the excellent vocalists, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mrs. Burrell, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, was all that could be desired, and I found the work very effective in its unaccustomed form. I am not aware that it has ever been given with orchestra except at Birmingham and Hovingham.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE HOVINGHAM FESTIVALS.

The figures in brackets indicate the number of the Festival when the work was performed.

AUBER . . . . . Overture (Masaniello) (2).
BACH . . . . . Cantata—God's Time is the Best (11).
„ O Light Everlasting (12).
„ Sleepers wake (13).
Concertos for 2 violins (2) (5) (8).
„ „ violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet (10) (10).
„ „ P.F., flute, and violin (11).
„ „ violin in A minor (9).

	Chaconne „ violin solo (8).
	Fugue „ P.F. in A minor.
	Air and Gavottes from Suite in D (7).
BEETHOVEN . . .	Mass in C.
	Symphony No. 2, in D (2).
	„ in C minor (3).
	„ Eroica (Funeral March only) 13
	„ Pastoral (12).
	Concerto—P.F. in E flat (Emperor) (7).
	„ P.F. in G (10).
	„ violin (8) (11) (4) (13).
	Romance—violin in F (7).
	„ violin in G (10).
	Overture—Egmont (6).
	„ Leonora No. 3 (1) (4).
	Sonata—P.F. and 'cello in A (13).
	Quartet—(Harfen) in E flat (13).
	Scene—"Abscheulicher"—Fidelio (12).
BARNBY	Recit and Air—Rebekah (2).
BERLIOZ	Serenade—2 flutes and 1 harp—"Enfance de Christ" (2).
BRUCH, MAX. . .	Violin Concerto in G minor (12).
BOTTESINI	Solo, contra basso (12).
BRAHMS	Requiem (8).
	Song of Destiny (9) (10).
	Concerto—violin and 'cello (13).
	Sonata—P.F. and violin in G (10).
	Trio in C minor (12).
	Intermezzi for P.F. (11).
	Hungarian Dances—P.F. and violin (11).
	Song—" Feldeinsamkeit."
CLAY	" I'll sing thee Songs of Araby " (3).
CUST	Poem—" Birthday Greetings to Joachim" (8).
CHOPIN	Concerto in E minor, P.F. (6).
	Scherzo in C sharp minor P.F. (6).
	Prelude in D flat for P.F. (7).
	Impromptu, Etude } for P.F. (10).
DONIZETTI	Song—" Convien partir " (2).
DVORAK	Spectre's Bride (6).
	Stabat Mater (7).
	Te Deum (13).
	Songs Zigeuner-melodien (12).
ELGAR	The Black Knight (13).

GOUNOD	Songs—"There is a Green Hill" (3) (12); "The Worker" (2); "Quando à te lieta" (8); "Lend me your aid" (5); "The Golden Thread" (2).
GRAY, ALAN . . .	Choral Ballad—The Rock Buoy Bell (5). Coronation March (11). Song Scena—The Vision of Belshazzar (7).
GLUCK	Overture—Iphigenia in Aulis (10). Song—Che Farò (5).
GRIEG	Quartet in G minor (13). Song—Ein Schwan (12).
GODARD	Song—Angels Guard Thee (7). Violoncello solo—Sur le lac (13).
HATTON	Part Song—When Evening's Twilight (1).
HANDEL	Messiah (1); Judas Maccabeus (2); Samson (abridged) (4). Songs—"O ruddier than the Cherry" (10); Lascia ch'io pianga (9); "Return, O God of Hosts" (10); "Where shall I fly" (8). Fugue in E minor for P.F. (10).
HAYDN	Creation, Part I (8); Seasons (Spring) (13). Concerto for violoncello (9).
HAMILTON HARTY	Violoncello solos (12). Songs—Rose Madness (12), The Waterfall (13), Poppies (13), Mignonette (13), Gorse (13).
HEROLD	Overture—Zampa (5).
JOACHIM.	March in C (11); Notturno—violin and orchestra (12).
KREUZ EMIL. . .	Suite for strings (6).
LALO	Intermezzo from violoncello concerto in D (10).
LANGER	Flute Concerto (3); Andante and Finale from Flute Concerto (4).
LISZT	Rhapsodie Hongroise, P.F. (7).
LUIGINI	Orchestral Ballet (13).
MENDELSSOHN . .	Elijah (1) (3) (6); St. Paul (4) (7); Lobgesang (2) (5) (12). Walpurgis Nacht (10); Symphony (Italian) (9); Concerto, violin (1) (7) (9). Scherzo and Wedding March (6). Overtures, Ruy Blas (9), Hebrides (13). Midsummer Night's Dream Music (11); Hear my Prayer (4); Song, Scena Infelice (9).

MEYERBEER . . . Song—Roberto che t'adoro (4).
MACKENZIE . . . National Overture, Britannia (6); Benedictus (for orchestra) (5).
MOLIQUE . . . . Flute solo (1); Andante from 'Cello Concerto (9).
MCCANN, H. . . . Songs—When Thou art nigh (13); Flower Auction (13); The Waterfall (13).
MOZART . . . . . Symphonies—Jupiter (4) (13); G minor (10); E flat (11).
Concertos—P.F. in A major (8); Violin in A major (10).
Overtures—Figaro (6) (8) (11); Zauberflöte (12).
Songs—Voi che sapete (2); Dove sono (1); Deh vieni (7).
NAYLOR, E. W. . Choral Ballad—The Weird Lady (2).
Scena (Song)—Prologue to "King Arthur" with chorus (6).
NICOLAI OTTO . . Overture—Merry Wives of Windsor (7).
NOBLE, T. T. . . Birthday Greeting (8); Overture Wasps (12).
National Anthem, special version 1896 (7).
PARRY, HUBERT . Oratorio, "Judith" (2) (11); Blest Pair of Sirens (2); Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (6); Saul's Dream (13).
POPPER . . . . . Violoncello solo—Elfen Tanz (12).
ROSSINI . . . . . Overture, William Tell (3) (9). Song, Tu che accendi (1).
ROSSI . . . . . Song—"Ah rendimi quel cor" (3).
ROYDS, M. . . . Song—"When the Tumult of Day" (12).
RUBINSTEIN . . . Staccato Etude (P.F.) (11); Song, Der Asra (7).
SOMERVELL, A. . . Elegy (7).
"All thro' the," Song (orchestrated by A.S.) (8).
STRAUSS, R. . . . Songs—"Traum durch die Dämmerung," etc.
SCHUMANN, R. . . Song—"Aufträge" (12); P.F. concerto (5) (11); Novelette, P.F. (11).
Canon in A flat, Scherzo, Canon in D minor; Concertstück (8).
Song (7).
SPOHR. . . . . God Thou art great (5); Duet, 2 violins (10); Concerto for violin—not played—see Mendelssohn (9), Blest are the Departed (5), Barcarolle (violin) (11); Song, "Rose softly blooming" (1).

STANFORD	The Revenge (1) (8) ; Waters of Babylon (4) ; Te Deum (9) ; The Last Post (11) ; Cavalier Songs (9) ; Irish Rhapsody (13) ; March of the Maguire (orchestrated) (8) ; Old Irish Melodies (orchestrated by C.V.S.) (9) ; Serenade (13).
STERNDALE BENNETT . . .	May Queen (2) ; Overture Naiads (7).
SCARLATTI	Caprice (P.F.) (6).
SCHUBERT	Unfinished Symphony (8) ; Songs Litanei, Erlkönig (8), Die Allmacht (song orchestrated by Liszt) 10).
SAINT-SAENS . . .	P.F. Concerto in G minor (12) ; Violoncello concerto in A minor (13).
TAYLOR, MRS. TOM (LAURA W. BARKER)	A Prophecy (chorus and orchestra).
TAYLOR, S. COLERIDGE .	Song—Onaway (10), Kubla Khan (13).
THOMAS, GORING .	The Swan and the Skylark (10).
THOMSON, MISS ALEXANDRA . .	The Battle of the Baltic (6).
TSCHAIKOWSKY .	Rococo Variations for 'Cello (12). Song, Toujours à Toi (12).
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS . . .	Songs of Travel (13).
VERDI.	Requiem (12).
VIEUXTEMPS . . .	Fantasie Caprice (for violin), Ballade et Polonaise (for violin) (5) ; La Nuit, viola solo (2).
WAGNER	The Flying Dutchman (Ov. and Act II and III) (9). Lohengrin, Introduction to Act III. Overture, Tannhäuser (7). Song, Prayer from Rienzi (6). Preislied (13). Siegfried Idyll (6).
WEBER	Oberon Overture (2) (10). Der Freischütz (2) (8). Overture (1813) (9). Recit and Air (Der Freischütz), "Softly Sighs" (5). Recit and Air (Der Freischütz). Through the Forests (4). Scena—Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster (11).
WOOD, CHAS. . .	The Song of the Tempest (11). Song, Ethiopia Saluting the Colours (with orchestra) (9). Irish Melodies (8).
WESLEY, S. S. . .	The Wilderness (with orchestra) (12).
WOLF HUGO . . .	Song—"Frühling über Jahrs."

The exceptional character of these concerts, and the care with which the programmes were arranged, have induced me to give the details with such fulness as, I think, would meet the late Canon Hudson's wishes. And in this I have taken especial pleasure and interest through the suitability of their compilation ; particularly by the important place given to Chamber music.

Weltondale

LETTER XXVII.

In this, my last letter concerning the dale-music of Yorkshire, I hope to give you a further instance of the musicalness of Yorkshire folk, and that of a rather different type to any contained in my previous letters ; for it speaks of the doings of a true organ-enthusiast—of an amateur whose influence has made itself felt, not only in his own county, but in various parts of the British Islands. I refer to Mr. S. W. Pilling, J.P., of Welton Hall, in East Yorkshire.

But before telling of my interview with him I would refer to a few odds and ends of a more general character.

While turning the pages of a newspaper, a few days ago, I read the remarkable information that Olga Haley and Walter Widdop are singers from the Midlands. Here, thought I, is an additional reason why some such records as these of mine should be published.

You may have noticed that a Yorkshireman has been chosen to give the musical talks over the Wireless. Anent this I have copied the following expression from the pen of Sir Walford Davies, his predecessor—" I rejoice to hand over the task of meeting the invigorating and friendly audience to so alive a thinker, so brilliant a writer and so genial a talker as my friend Dr. George Dyson." To which one feels inclined to add that musical Halifax will doubtless feel itself much honoured by this promotion of one of her sons.

As to the derivation of " carol," I think the word is a very old one and may be Celtic. A note I have gathered about it is—" The origin of carol is ' corolla '—a ring-dance of Pagan days."

A day or two back I received the enclosed programme from Sheffield. As you will see, it

presents a piece of chamber music almost wholly of the wood-wind order. To the organiser of this concert, Mr. John Parr, I say, " Splendid ! Would we had more such evidences of musical cultivation ! " It is delightful to find movements for flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon ; for piano, clarinet, and bassoon ; for piano, flute and oboe ; and for flute, horn, and bassoon. The names of the composers are interesting, too, including as they do, those of Dr. Janet Salsbury, T. W. Hanforth, Mus.B., and E. Duncan. While among the performers those of George Linstead (piano), L. Barsotti (flute), P. E. Charlesworth (oboe and English horn), W. Royston (clarinet), and John Parr (bassoon), stand out with prominence. Another feature that one cannot help remarking, is that the charges for admission are so moderate —1s. 2d. and 6d. Musical missionary efforts of this kind are surely worthy of honourable mention.

In returning to the subject with which my letter began, I would tell you that my visit to Mr. Pilling was on one of those days when people are congratulating themselves that Winter has done its worst, that Spring is in the air, and that the harsh February nip is discounted by the anticipation of warmer days to come.

This was the first time I had been to Welton's small, but attractive dale, but I had often heard Mr. Pilling's name mentioned by organists during my peregrinations round Yorkshire ; and it is almost needless to say that the desire to see him and talk with him was the magnet that drew me hither on this particular day.

Of his geniality I had more than once been told ; and as he met me on my arrival at Welton Hall, I felt that this feature of his character had not been exaggerated. Soon we were chatting together as though we had been known to each

other for years : you see, we had many subjects in common—the love of the same art, a knowledge of the same people in the musical world, and a retrospect of musical experience which, in a large measure, covered the same period.

But let me first of all introduce Mr. Pilling, by giving you some facts about his career ; which I feel sure he will not object to my communicating. He was born in 1856. This date I have arrived at by a process of addition and subtraction ; and when I consider his energy and enthusiasm I am inclined to think that ten years should be deducted from his age. His father, who was engaged in railway engineering, intended his son to follow in the line in which he himself had attained a high degree of success. His general education was begun at Southport, but music was not forgotten —at eight he learned the piano, but the fascination of the organ soon gripped him, and from the age of nine to that of fifteen, he was found both playing and greatly interested in the King of Instruments. His earliest church work was that of acting as occasional deputy organist at St. Paul's, Southport. Perhaps his greatest early musical influence was that of Dr. J. Kendrick Pyne with whom he studied the organ. Of him he says, " Pyne grounded me in classical organ-playing : he gave me Bach's fugues and Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas ; and further, he aroused my enthusiasm by his extemporaneous playing and his great style of accompaniment. Since those days I have managed to keep up my practice, though somewhat intermittently, and with the stimulus of being requested to 'open' organs and give recitals."

Apart from music, I now give you a few interesting facts which serve to connect the various parts of Mr. Pilling's career. In due course

he became articled as a railway engineer ; and it was during the period when his father was engaged in the constructive work from Girvan to Stranraer —known as the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Railway, and at which time Mr. Pilling senior lived at Killiemore Lodge, Kirkcowan, one of his three Scotch residences, surrounded by a grouse moor and bounded by the Bladnoch river. Then it was that Mr. S. W. Pilling became engaged to the younger daughter of Marmaduke Fox, Esq., of Mirfield, Yorks., and Polbae, Wigtownshire. After his marriage in 1879, the young engineer lived at Ainsworth, near Bolton-le-Moors. In 1886 he removed to Crow Lees ; which was followed by his residing, in 1891, at " The Hagg," Mirfield. Then finally, in 1901, Mr. Pilling came to Welton Hall, which ancient house he enlarged considerably, and afterwards purchased ; and it was about this time that a threatened breakdown in health necessitated his retiring from his more weighty duties. He continued, however, to hold important directorships, including those of the world-famed locomotive engineering firm of Beyer, Peacock and Co. Ltd., Gorton, Manchester, and of certain railway companies—up to the time of their amalgamation in 1921—which have provided him with plenty of movement during several days of each week to such centres as London, Manchester, and Liverpool.

In the world of music his ability and enthusiasm have carried him far. He is a church organist ; he is a designer of organs ; and he is often invited to give organ recitals. Let me tell you about him in these several capacities and in connection with my visit to Welton Hall.

My host, having warmed and refreshed me after my long and chilly morning journey, one of his first suggestions was, that we should go across

to the church. On our way there—quite a short distance—we passed a clear stream which runs through the ancient village, when I was told that the name Welton means the place of wells, derived from the fact that here abound numerous wells and springs. I was also informed that Welton Dale, though limited in extent, has beauties which attract many visitors—in fact, that it may be regarded as one of Hull's recreation grounds.

As we entered the churchyard the tomb of one Jeremy was pointed out. There, on a stone, I read this inscription :—

Here Lieth He Ould
Jeremy who hath eight times maried
been but now in his ould Age he lies
in his cage under the Gras so Green
which Jeremiah Simpson de Parted this life
in the 84 yeare of his age in the year of our Lord
1719.

Near this spot, many ladies are wont to linger ; and I was told that their remarks—some amusing, some laudatory, and some derogatory—would fill a fair-sized volume. On one point there is doubtless a consensus of opinion—that this Jeremy was a notable man.

The church, with its massive tower, dates from the eleventh century and there can be little doubt as to a Saxon building having stood here at an earlier date. The interior is neat and beautifully proportioned, and the people of this village are surely proud of its Burne-Jones windows, its Walker organ, and the distinction of their honorary organist.

Previous to the present organ, was an instrument built by Booth of Wakefield, from which Messrs. Walker transferred some excellent material which would fit their scheme. That a two-manual organ—of 29 speaking stops—in a village church should possess such resources is surprising. As

you listen to its tone you are convinced that it is no common or garden instrument. Here is a thirty-two foot pedal stop which gives wonderful body and dignity to the effect. Here the blend of stops with full organ is both rich and proportionate. Here there is a surprising economy of material. Here peculiar inventive touches are noted, including two swell pedals—one for the especial support of the congregation. All over it is writ large, careful design and fine workmanship. The cost of this organ was upwards of £1,200, about half of which was raised in the parish.

At this historic church Mr. Pilling is honorary organist. His heart is in the matter of helping the service in the way of beauty and fittingness. When at home he attends the choir rehearsals on Friday evenings, and on Sundays he is as anxious for the best results as any organist playing his trial service. In a sketch entitled "Souvenir of a Visit to Welton Hall," and written in connection with the Annual Congress of the Incorporated Association of Organists held at Hull, August, 1929, Mr. W. A. Roberts, its author, says: "This branch of his work is indeed a labour of love, and there is surely something fine in such devotion and steadfastness, qualities which have a reflection in the vitality which keeps his step youthful even as a veteran." While in the church I met the vicar and took the opportunity of asking him if he knew that Dr. Henry Allon, the compiler of the Congregational Hymn Book, was a native of Welton. Of this he did not appear to be aware, but said that members of the Allon family were buried in the churchyard, and kindly shewed me their tombstone. I hope the Welton people will not forget this musical son who was at one period editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and who brought some excellent tunes into the service of his church.

It was with much interest that I took my first view of Mr. Pilling's *sanctum sanctorum*—his music room. Its measurements are 60 feet long, 21 feet wide, and 20 feet high. This forms a portion of the Hall added by himself. As we entered the room I was struck with a sense of its comfort and proportions. There, at the end, was the four-manual organ, a fire burnt cheerily in the grate, and on the various tables were many books, magazines, and objects of interest, most of which had some relation to the art beloved by the master of the house. And now to the organ!

Soon my host is sitting at the keyboard of his instrument. First he draws a stop of light tone and from this he builds up the sound capacity of his instrument to its highest point of fulness. And what strikes me most through this short extemporaneous recital? Surely quality first, quality second, and quality third. Never, although there is much sound, is one overwhelmed or shocked; never is one disturbed by the harsh or blatant. As I look on the instrument I think of the many happy hours Mr. Pilling has spent at its keyboard; of how many years he has given to perfecting it; and with what satisfaction he must regard this epitome of a hobby extended over nearly sixty years of his life.

Then I ask him to tell me something of its history.

Soon I have learned that his father presented him with an organ when he was sixteen. "These," he says, "are the first specifications and the first quotations." Thereupon he unrolls some aged manuscripts. "Eventually," he continues, "I decided on that of Messrs. Halmshaw of Birmingham, for a three-manual instrument to be set up in our home," and, he adds, "it may interest you to know that it was blown by a water engine made by

William Holt of Leeds ; also, that while T. C. Lewis was building the organ in Ripon Cathedral, he added three stops to my instrument. On the basis of this organ I have gone on steadily learning and steadily improving up to the present time."

The evolution of the fine instrument now at Welton Hall was much furthered by its re-building by Messrs. Brindley and Foster of Sheffield, in 1883, and in its enlargement in 1886, when it became possessed of four manuals. Five years later, when Mr. Pilling moved to " The Hagg " at Mirfield, the organ was used in connection with church services. Then it was placed in a private music room of ecclesiastical form, and there, under the direction of the Mirfield church authorities, the Rev. H. Walsham How—son of the first Bishop of Wakefield—conducted services to congregations often numbering eighty people, who had come from the surrounding woodland district.

Putting together these various facts, it is not difficult to understand how Mr. Pilling became an organ-expert, and why his advice is so much sought after as to the matters of constructing and the planning of organs. His education as an engineer has given him a great advantage on the mechanical and constructive side ; his musical feeling and education have raised him above the mere scientist ; and his intense enthusiasm has led him to study such matters as tuning and acoustics. He may safely claim to know the organ from its propelling force to its finest mechanism. He has, too, that instinct which guides him in fixing on the best place for the organ in churches of all sorts and conditions. Mr. Pilling, I would also tell you, is the author of a capital brochure, entitled, " The Construction, Position, and Architectural Treatment of Church Organs." Read it if you can lay hold of a copy.

Naturally, Mr. Pilling has often been asked to open organs by accompanying the services and giving recitals. He humorously tells how on one occasion he was not only asked to do these things, but to suggest a suitable organist for the church, and a preacher for the opening ceremony ; and how eventually he prevailed on Canon H. Lowther Clarke, afterwards Bishop of Melbourne, to take this last-named duty. He gives his experiences in playing on organs at Queenstown, Yarmouth, and elsehwere. Opening a large book, he says, " Here are some of my doings," and thereupon shows pages of programmes and entries. And one feels as he turns the leaves that therein are recorded some of the most precious experiences of his life.

Again, it is with pride that he shows many tokens of esteem for such excellent and gratuitous service. These take the form of elaborately inscribed pieces of plate and silver ; of keys—giving freedom of entrance to many churches—finely chased and of rich design ; and many valuable books. A small key in which he takes a special pride, is one which he carries in his pocket. " My first," he says, as he holds it up on the bunch—" my first right to play an organ in a church for which I had done a service," and adds, " years afterwards, when returning from a shooting excursion I again visited this church, and with the help of this key I took the opportunity of reviving old memories on a beautiful Hill organ."

To tell of all the organists Mr. Pilling has met would be a long story. Elsewhere you may remember that I have written that in 1887, while living at Crow Lees, this enthusiast invited some sixty organists to his home to hear M. Gigout, the noted French organist. His life has been marked by good works to organists and their craft.

No wonder he has gained their respect and their love! No wonder that he should have been invited to be the first President of the National (now the Incorporated) Union of Organists! Nor are we surprised that his organ has been played by performers of the first rank—Best, Camidge, Peace, Ellingford, Sir Frederick Bridge, Prof. J. C. Bridge, Stanley Roper, Lemare, Pyne, Perkins, Gigout, Grison, and Clarence Eddy. Here I may add that the Presidency of the Organists' Union continued for eleven years, and that his successors have been Dr. S. H. Nicholson and Sir Hamilton Harty. Incidentally, I may add that he is also the Vice-President of the Trinity College of Music, London.

Mr. Pilling is a fine example of septuagenarian youthfulness. He is a keen business man, yet he retains his love for everything pertaining to organs and organists. Many of the best musicians he counts as friends, and delights in showing the MSS. of compositions specially written for him by Grison, Lemare, and Cappocci. As he takes you through his house, his grounds and gardens, covering some ten acres, or speeds you along the dale in his car, or breaks into an infectious laugh, he gives the impression that his boyhood is not quite a thing of the past; and yet I am impelled to think that in his music-room rests the centre of his affections, and that the old love begun back near 1872, still burns with undiminished warmth.

About Mr. Pilling and his doings there are many other points on which I might dwell, and which I am sure would interest you; but as time and space are against me I can only mention a few.

Among his recollections are included the designing of two organs for Sir Joseph Beecham, father of Sir Thomas. He speaks with glee of an

impromptu concert in which Sir Joseph, Sir Thomas and he himself bore the principal parts. He remembers with interest how he designed two organs for Mr. William Pilkington, D.L., of Roby Hall. He refers to his ancient cassock built for him near half a century ago, and which he regards as a link binding him in fellowship with the great army of church organists.

He remembers a free fight on the occasion of an organ building : one man had made the case, another the organ proper ; it was found, on setting up the organ, that the portions would not fit ; a quarrel ensued, and then, sad to say, the two builders fell to fisticuffs within the sacred building—fortunately unconsecrated at that particular time. So, with his experiences of organs, organ-builders, and organists, Mr. Pilling has a rich store of reminiscence of a character both entertaining and instructive.

And now, with a feeling of thankfulness that in the Yorkshire dales I have found so much that I set out to discover, yet with a touch of regret that some of the results have been rather typical than complete, I will, for the present, bid adieu to these particular aspects of the music of our great county, and hope when we meet at the 1931 Leeds Triennial Festival, to tell you more fully of certain matters about which I have only been able to hint in these letters.

P.S.—In this, my final postcription, I would like to tell you about two matters—my arrangements to publish these records, and my second visit to the head of Swaledale. Let me begin with the latter.

You will perhaps remember that in my second letter of these exploits I spoke of the stones from which Richard Alderson had formed a remarkable

musical instrument. Well, I had received information that these stones were now extricated from the masonry under which they had been long hidden, and if I cared to pay Keld another visit I might see them.

So on that wild day—the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday—when rain, wind, snow, and hail were having a right royal time—I found myself journeying from Richmond through Reeth, Gunnerside, and Muker towards my northerly destination. Our little vehicle held perhaps twenty people, all looking more or less uncomfortable, and all having a note of complaint to utter about such April weather. A burly rubicund farmer was thinking about exposed newly-born lambs, while certain depressed visitors to the dales were trying to make the best of things in spite of blighted holidays. But I must not allow my sympathies to cause me to forget Dick's Rock Band, which, on the day following, came to my direct notice.

Well, there was nothing at all imposing about it—in fact, had you beheld a heap of stones piled within the recess of a rough wall, you would have agreed with me that it was the most unattractive array of instruments you had ever seen. Of these stones I counted about 50 or 60, varying in length from something over 3 feet to 6 or 8 inches. Rough-hewn they were, of hardish limestone, and weighing in all perhaps a quarter of a ton. Here was the outward and visible product of Richard Alderson's labour, patience, and genius during a period of three years. You may be sure I was anxious to learn what I could of the musical mystery they embodied, and which for many years had lain dormant—a mystery which had once been described in the pages of a leading British magazine.

With the kindly assistance of Mr. F. C. Nunn and Mr. C. Metcalfe, several of these crude-looking stones were transferred to a workshop for inspection. Our first results were only a series of dead, dull sounds. Next we placed the pieces of rock on parallel boards supported at the ends on boxes. Then we tapped them with a piece of hard wood, and were delighted not only to evoke musical notes, but fairly true intervals. From this it was not a difficult matter to conclude that all the stones contained the material for a chromatic scale of about five octaves.

Many a talk I had with people who had heard Dick perform on his Rock Band. They told how he delighted and astonished visitors to these high regions with his performances, some of which were quite brilliant ; how he manipulated two hammers of wood at the same time, often playing independent parts ; and how he turned his back on those who merely came to visit him for novelty.

There were certain details, however, which I did not learn, especially as to the true manner of placing the stones. This everyone appeared to have forgotten. But seeing me so interested in the doings of one of their folk, they offered me every assistance to remove the stones to Harrogate, where I might be able to pursue my investigations further. Of this I did not take advantage for various reasons.

That the stones will be taken care of—if only to form a grotto to Alderson's memory—I feel convinced ; and I fully believe that when this is done, and visitors enquire " What mean these stones ? " the villagers will reply, " They are to the memory of Richard Alderson—a Lover of Sweet Sounds."

As to the publishing, I am able to tell you that I have gone so far as to open a list of subscribers

for the first printing of the " Music of the Yorkshire Dales," and am pleased to add that from quite a number of Yorkshire folk my effort has been accorded a genuine Yorkshire welcome, including this anticipatory compliment : " Thanks to the ' Scotch Donald ' who suggested ' dig deep.' "

As you may guess, all those who have been invited have not come in ; and, as some of their excuses for not doing so are both interesting and ingenious, you shall—in substance—hear them :

Number one—a humorous, delightful fellow—suggests that I should desist from flogging the Tired Horse, by which I understand him to mean Yorkshire Music. The second, a rich man, says that he must first of all ascertain the extent of his liabilities before joining my supporters. While a third, whose exalted position gives him the right to be regarded as a reading man and a patron of aught pertaining to research in his county, urges his lack of leisure to read what I have—not without some pains—managed to gather ; and which causes me to exclaim in the words of Mark Anthony : " This was the most unkindest cut of all."

While, in spite of these things, I have managed to quell a momentary resentment and preserve my equanimity, I have more than once wondered where the " flogging " should come in ; whether the castigation should not be applied to the indifferent, the supercilious, and those negligent of the musical claims of their county.

As to the creature known as Yorkshire Music, I have reason to think him to be still " full of beans," albeit occasionally lazy. But let me add that oft when I have spoken of this same noble animal, I have observed people's faces light up, and their tongues express warm sentiments. Need I say that quite a number of their names will be found in my LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS ?

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